

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1896.

NO. 28.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
8:14 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
1:04 P. M. Daily.	
2:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:23 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	
SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	
8:49 A. M. Daily.	
11:16 A. M. Daily.	
12:35 P. M. Daily.	
5:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
6:02 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only).	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco. First car arrives from San Francisco at 9:20 a. m., and returning leaves Baden at 9:55 a. m. Last car leaves Baden at 6:05 p. m.

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.
Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for what at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 p. m.
Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.....A. M. P. M.
South.....9:00 3:00

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5 South.....8:30 a. m.
No. 14 North.....9:30 a. m.
No. 18 South.....2:30 p. m.
No. 6 North.....6:00 p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.
Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
H. W. Walker.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
J. F. Johnston.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
Wm. P. McEvoy.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.
Mrs. H. E. Steele to Fred N. Steele, 400 acres gift
Mrs. H. E. Steele to Edie M. Dickerman, 30 acres gift
Mrs. H. E. Steele to Geo. H. Steele, 400 acres gift
John B. Corcoran and wife to Abbey Land and Improvement Co., lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, block 96.....10
Chas. Harris and wife to congregation Shereh Israel, lot 1, block 132, Abbey Homestead.....350
Nicholas Hansen and wife to Henry A. Wright, 10 acres.....10
MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.
Union Park Land Co. to John C. Ohland and Charles H. Buck, 21 acres.....6,170

A member of the Walker party that went to Alaska has written a letter to friends in Oakland. He says the party is now located at Coal Point, Kacheknak bay, and the members are made very comfortable. Temporary houses have been erected and the miners have commenced work. Belden says that the men in the party have not had to endure any hardships so far. The miners have commenced operations and all the members of the party are down to business.

The town of Long Beach had a narrow escape from being wiped out by fire. It would have been but for the heroic efforts of a bucket brigade, and an opportune change of wind. The flames were caused by the explosion of an oil stove in the second story of the Lowe Block, one of the principal business houses of the town. A brisk wind was blowing from the ocean and caused the fire to spread rapidly. The Lowe Block and the Wilshire Building were totally destroyed, and W. W. Lowe's residence and several other buildings were considerably damaged. The total loss was about \$7,000.

Seven Santa Barbara men who invested in land in Southwestern Nevada have returned from a first trip of inspection. Instead of being the paradise represented they found it bleak and barren, and part of their tract a worthless river bed. The agent is trying to adjust matters with them. About 10,000 acres had been filed upon, a large number having in good faith paid their first installment of 25 cents an acre and an additional quarter on every acre to the fellow for locating the lands.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information From All Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Budget of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curtly Told in this Column.

The Shepard ranch, Carpinteria, is shipping great quantities of strawberries to Los Angeles.

The Lemon Growers' Exchange at Santa Barbara now numbers fifty members and is doing good work.

Bids for the water works bonds of Oceanside amounting to \$3,000 will be received until the first of July.

Samples of the surface croppings show richness, and the necessary filings will be made soon to secure the property.

San Diego citizens in mass meeting passed resolutions asking Congress for the establishment in their harbor of a naval dry dock.

A project is under way at San Diego for the erection of a large observatory and hotel on the summit of San Miguel near that city.

The new Santa Fe depot at Elsinore has been finished. It is a handsome and commodious building and an ornament to the town.

Bass and other fish to stock the Sacramento river lagoons are being secured from Cuyamaca Lake, in the mountains above San Diego.

The coast road is graded to the Santa Ynez river and as soon as the viaduct is finished work will be commenced on the big bridge.

S. W. Gildersleeve, a pioneer, who came around the Horn in 1849, died in Napa recently. He was a native of Napa, and born in 1826.

Los Angeles people are excited over the news that Henry Bentley, late of Los Angeles, is to wed Honors Townsend, "Queen of West Berkeley." Bentley came near being hanged some years ago, for poisoning his first wife, a Mrs. Nordholt of Los Angeles.

Dr. William King, Health Officer of Ohio, died in that city after a short illness. Dr. King was born at Charleston on the Western Reserve, Ohio, March 4, 1816, being at the time of his death over 80 years of age. He was one of the best known citizens of Ohio.

George Earnest Atkinson, President of the Christian Endeavor Union of the Market-street Congregational Church, Oakland, is missing. The missing man is a student at the Theological Seminary and Dr. McLean has done all in his power to trace him, but with no result.

A force of men have begun the work of constructing the Valley Railroad bridge across the San Joaquin River at a point ten miles north of Fresno and two miles above Herndon. It is now expected that the road will reach Fresno some time in August, as promised, so this year's crops can be shipped on a competing road.

The "Victory" gateway being completed at the main entrance to Stanford University campus, will be surmounted with bronze sphinxes. Each post is formed of rough-hewn yellow sandstone blocks, with four stone pillars at the corners, and with the sphinxes will measure eighteen feet. The gate is to mark Mrs. Stanford's triumph in the government suit.

Engineer Vaughn returned to San Bernardino, after having run a survey for the Santa Fe Railroad from Victor, in a straight line to Parker, on the Colorado river, fifty miles below Needles. This is simply to serve as a notice on the Southern Pacific that if the latter buys the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad at the sale next July the Santa Fe will build an independent line to Silver City, N. M.

Captain Henry L. Howison has been selected by the Navy Department to command the battleship Oregon, just completed at San Francisco. The Oregon is a Captain's command and the delay in Commander F. A. Cook's promotion places him entirely out of the race. The other officers for the Oregon have not been selected, although the remainder of the detail will be made up very shortly.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, as executrix of the estate of Leland Stanford was formally ordered by Judge Coffey to pay into the city treasury \$235,750, the amount assessed against the estate for the collateral inheritance tax. Judgment was given against Mrs. Stanford a month ago, but it was not entered until lately, when District Attorney Bastunes filed the necessary paper.

Holes were drilled over the entrance of a cave at Madera county, near Bates, and Outlaw Jack forced out, rather than be blown up with giant powder. William Laverone, his confederate, and an ex-convict, from Folsom had been surprised and taken with outside gathering chiefs. The cave was well stocked with provisions and

arms. They were taken to Fresno to await trial for robbing M. Ashley of \$250 and a gold watch.

The upheaval along the shore of Cuylers Harbor, San Miguel Island, which occurred in March of last year, is at last to receive attention at the hands of the coast survey. The coast survey steamer Gedney, which will remain in this harbor until after the battle-ship Oregon's trial trip, is under orders to proceed to San Miguel, take new sounding and measurements and draft a new chart of the harbor in accordance with the changes.

In the Picocho gold mine section on the Colorado river are found vast numbers of small veins of white quartz stained with copper which are rich in gold and silver. As a rule these stringers, as they have been called, have excited no attention on account of their being only from two to six or eight inches wide, although they were known to be rich in free gold.

EDITORIAL OPINIONS.

The Influx of Italians.

[New York Sun.]

Since the beginning of this year, and chiefly since the middle of March, about 16,000 immigrants from Italy, according to Commissioner Senner, have been landed on Ellis Island.

This is a great rush for, if we take the month of March alone, it showed 9,320 Italian immigrants at the port of New York, against 2,665 the previous March, and 3,505 the year before. And there is nothing like the same advance in other immigration, although there is also some increase there, the total of the first three months of 1896, including the Italian, showing 47,601 at this port, against 28,108 last year, and March showing 28,050, against 14,842. The years 1895 and 1894 were far below the average of the four preceding, the two combined not equaling the annual average of those years; but the main point just now is that the proportion coming from Italy is exceptional.

What is the cause of this extra influx? First, the wretched financial and political condition of Italy, says Dr. Senner, with its taxes heavy and growing heavier, not even letting the poorest escape and now the superadded fear of being forced into the army and sent off to fight the dervishes or the hordes of King Menelek. Next comes the prospect of a better life here, for one of the features of the influx is said to be the return of a considerable number of immigrants who quitted us in former years, when the hard times came.

As to the new Italian arrivals, Dr. Senner is credited with saying that at least half have been detained for inquiry, and that as many as one-fifth may be debarred, from entering, or else deported for the various reasons allowed under the law.

Immigration Laws Too Lenient.

[Cleveland World.]

In all probability Congress will adjourn without raising any higher the barriers to undesirable immigration. In the meantime shipload after shipload of the worst kind of addition to the population are coming in. Some of them are so obviously misfits that even the present law keeps them out. A lot of them the other day showed the kind of citizens they would make by attacking the inspectors with knives, jiggers and stilettos. The courts in the large cities spend a large share of their time and the public money in trying their assassins and settling their feuds. They practice cruelty on the children in order to excite sympathy on the streets when they beg.

They are a very undesirable class when they come here, as many of the Italians are now doing, to escape the enforced military service of their government. No people can make good citizens of one country when they leave their own for such a reason.

Need of the Educational Test.

[Minneapolis Tribune.]

The purpose of the Immigration Restriction league and of the bill that has been framed under its auspices is not the exclusion of any immigrants whose character and standards fit them to become citizens, but a stricter regulation of immigration. To this end the bill provides for the exclusion of "all persons between 14 and 60 years of age who cannot both read and write the English language or some other language." The advantages of this test are thus summed up. It excludes the people we wish to exclude, viz: those who are degraded, ignorant alike of their own language and of any settled occupation, who are incapable of appreciating our institutions and standards of living, and very difficult of assimilation into the mass of American citizenship. It secures rudimentary education on the part of all foreigners applying for naturalization. It promotes education among those who desire to emigrate. It saves the hardship to immigrants of making the voyage in doubt as to admission or exclusion, and therefore does away in large part with the separation of families which sometimes occurs under existing laws. Intending emigrants can tell before starting whether they are eligible or not, and can decide whether to separate or not.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country.

SPOKEN OF IN THIS COLUMN.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest our Readers Both Old and Young.

In order to frighten a new man, miners in Pennsylvania shouted out that the mine was caving. They frightened the new man so badly that he became a raving maniac.

Charles Vogel, a poor laborer at New Britain, Conn., has been notified by the Mayor of Lyons, France, that he has inherited a fortune of several million dollars by the death of his uncle.

The Federal Grand Jury at Kansas City has indicted John B. Watkins, formerly vice-president and superintendent of the Indian Rice Milling Company, for violating the Interstate commerce law.

By the explosion of a gasoline tank in the cellar of the five-story building on Walnut street, Cincinnati, the entire structure collapsed, burying beneath its debris the bodies of many human beings.

Jacob Fjeld, the famous sculptor, died in Minneapolis recently, from an operation for ear trouble. He was born in Norway and came to this country in 1887, working in a terra cotta factory at Chicago. He has since lived in Minneapolis. He designed the Minnesota statue at Gettysburg, and his crowning work was the model for the Ole Bull statue.

At the Venezuelan legation, Wash., Miss Teresa, daughter of Minister Andrade, was married to Gustav Schlotzman. The guests included members of the diplomatic corps and many prominent officials. Before coming to Washington Minister Andrade was Governor of Maracabo. Schlotzman was a young representative of the German capital in Maracabo City. The couple will live in Maracabo.

The village of Naylor, Ripley county, Mo., was sold at auction by United States Marshal Lynch to satisfy Eastern creditors, whose claims aggregated \$60,000. The property sold was 77,000 acres of land, \$7,000 worth of merchandise, \$2,000 worth of cattle, \$17,000 worth of lumber and several store buildings and fifteen dwelling houses. The successful bidder was an agent for the Horton Land Company, owners of the property.

George J. Marshall, proprietor of a large dry-goods store at 376 to 382 West Madison street, Chicago, was shot and instantly killed in front of his place of business while pursuing three highwaymen who had attempted to rob the store. His cashier was shot through the hand while behind her desk. A large number of shots were fired on the streets and two persons passing were seriously injured. It was the most daring attempt at holding up a cashier yet attempted in Chicago.

Herman W. Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, has been hanged in Philadelphia for the killing of Benjamin F. Pietzel. The drop fell at 10:12 o'clock, and twenty minutes later he was pronounced dead by the prison officials, Dr. Sharp and Dr. Butcher. The execution was in every way entirely devoid of any sensational features. To the last Holmes was self-possessed and cool, even to the extent of giving a word of advice to assistant Superintendent Richardson as the latter was arranging the final details. He died as he had lived, unconcerned and thoughtless, apparently, of the future.

William H. Doble, who in his time was the most famous reinsman in the world, died at his home, Belmont Drive, near Philadelphia, in his 80th year. Mr. Doble was probably the oldest living driver of trotting horses and he was the first man to drive a trotter faster than 2:17. This he accomplished in the famous match race between Goldsmith Maid and Lucy at Mystic Park, Boston, early in the seventies. His son "Budd" was to have driven the Maid, but was taken ill a few days before the race came off. His father was substituted and sent Goldsmith Maid under the wire in 2:16.3/4.

The Chamber of Commerce relief work in aid of Cripple Creek is closed. The great need remaining to be filled is for tents, blankets and bedding, all of which will be supplied out of funds awaiting orders from the Cripple Creek local committee. All sections of the State have responded promptly to the relief of the camp, and several tenders of money from Eastern cities were declined. Building operations will be slow for several weeks as the town authorities are firm in refusing to permit the construction of wooden buildings, and the supply of brick in the State is just now limited. The ore production of the camp is slowly increasing over that of the first quarter of the present year.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

With the New Woman on the Platform It Will Be Time to Look Out.

"Dey tells me," said Aunt Dinah pausing in the dining room door and resting her hands on her hips, "dey tells me dat de wimmin is ad a meetin goin on whar dey jiss spechifys same as de men. Is dat so?"

Her mistress laid down the paper in which she was reading the reports of some of the brilliant papers delivered before the Association For the Advancement of Women, and tried to explain matters to her.

"Dey des got up on de platform, did dey?" asked the old woman, "an speak right out in meetin?"

She was assured they did.

"An dey kin talk back?"

She was informed that was their privilege.

"Bless Gord I done live to see dis day!" she replied fervently. "I lay I'll des git Brer Jones at de meetin dis very night. De odder night I felt called on to 'zort sinners, an he say: 'Set down, Sis Dinah, de wimmin must keep silence in de chu'ch. Dey's de weaker vessel.' I was hot, an I 'spon': 'Ef dey was't no wimmin in de chu'ches, Brer Jones, whar would de chu'ch be? Who pays de preacher? Whar you get dat fine coat on yo' back? Aint it de Daughters of Zion done raise de money? Don't seem lak I hear nobody complain in 'bout wimmin in de chu'ch when it comes to passin round de hat.'

"You say de time comin when de wimmin gwine run de town? Dey'll clean up things then, sho'. I bonn de mayor himself can't sweep like me, let lone deputy pleec'men. Des give me a broom an I kin clean mo' street in a hour dan de committe does in a year.

"An wimmin gwine to vote too? Good marster, how de world do change! Fes' de niggers an den de wimmin. Rec'on folks think some dem wimmin what's been goin to school an colleges is got most much sense as niggers now.

"What's dat you say? Wimmin gwine purify politics an ain't gwine sell their votes? Sho'! What's de good of votin if dey ain't no two-bitsin it? Dis ole nigger be all plannin to lay off work an vote for all it's worth."—New Orleans Picayune.

He Approved the Book.

Chauncey M. Depew was telling a story about a police superintendent in one of our inland cities. The man was a sharp, shrewd fellow, who worked his way up from the ranks, with little or no education. A boy was arrested at the station by one of his officers, and in due time brought before the superintendent.

The officer said that the boy had run away from his home in the east and was going west to fight Indians. The superintendent asked if any weapons had been found on the youthful desperado. The officer replied that the only thing found on him was a book. The superintendent continued: "These dime novels are doing more to injure boys' characters and to drive them from home than anything else. Let me see it."

The officer handed him the book. He took it and opened it. Then he said: "This is the Bible—eh? I have heard a lot about this book, but I have never read it. Wait until I see what it says."

He began to read slowly and laboriously. After 20 minutes' silence he took his feet down from the desk, placed his glasses back in the case, and said kindly to the boy, "Well, my little man, I am surprised that with a book of this kind in your possession you should have decided to run away from home."

Turning to the officer he said in a matter of fact way, "There are some really good things in it."—New York Tribune.

His First Glimpse of the Sea.

King Premph of Ashanti never saw the sea until the day when, as a prisoner of the English, he was brought down to the coast and embarked on the warship that had been designated to take him to the place of his exile, where he must spend the rest of his life.

The beach was crowded with a dense throng of natives, who shouted and sang and made a tremendous din when Premph and his companions came in sight.

The expression on the king's face when he first beheld the ocean was one of blank astonishment, not unmixed with alarm, but he soon recovered himself and talked volubly in the farewell interview which he had before embarking. A detachment of the West Yorkshire battalion entered a surfboat, and Premph was placed in their midst. The chief interpreter followed closely in the wake of the boat conveying the king, whose every movement was plainly visible. His novel surrounding evidently made a great impression upon Premph, and when the Ragoon was reached and boarded he was quite lost in wonder. Long before the Ragoon started many of the Ashanti prisoners, most of whom had preserved a most stolid demeanor on coming on board, were painfully seasick.

Some Horses.

Some horses cannot bear to be without company, especially in the fields, while others apparently dislike it, and may be seen grazing always apart from a troop on some large common or fell. I have known a horse of mature years fall as deeply and desperately in love with a donkey at first sight as the veriest moon calf that ever visited a ballroom.

In fact, such was the poor animal's pitiable plight that, after a day or two of companionship, he would not eat until the ass had made a start from his manger.

On the other hand, I have known a horse, at first averse to the society of the same donkey, after awhile grow quite fond of it, thus proving that platonic affection may be a thing of slow or rapid growth between animals, as in human beings, according to individual disposition.—Speaker.

LONGING.

The hills slope down to the valley, the streams run down to the sea, and far one, sets and strains toward thee.

But only the feet of the mountain are felt by the rim of the plain.

And the spurge and soul of the hurrying stream reach not the calling main.

The dawn is sick for the daylight, the morning years for the noon.

And the twilight sighs for the evening star and the rising of the moon.

But the dawn and the daylight never were seen in the selfsame skies.

And the gleaming discs of its own desire when the moon and the stars arise.

The springtime calls to the summer, "Oh, mingle your life with mine."

And summer to autumn, "plaineth low, 'Must the harvest be only thine?'"

But the nightingale goes when the swallow comes, ere the leaf is the blossom fled.

And when autumn sits on her golden sheave then the reign of the rose is dead.

And hunger and thirst, and wail and want, are lost in the empty air.

And the heavily laden pine for the touch of the earthly fair.

And the hills slope down to the valley, the streams run down to the sea,

And my heart, my heart, oh, far one, sets and strains toward thee.

—Alfred Austin.

BISARA OF PURI.

Some natives say that it came from the other side of Kulu, where the 11 inch temple sapphire is; others that it was made at the devil shrine of Ao-Chung, in Tibet, was stolen by a Kafir, from him by a Gurkha, from him again by a Lahouli, from him by a khitmatgar, and by this latter sold to an Englishman, so all its virtue was lost, because, to work properly, the Bisara of Puri must be stolen—with bloodshed if possible, but at any rate stolen.

These stories of the coming into India are all false. It was made at Puri ages since—the manner of its making would fill a small book—was stolen by one of the temple dancing girls there for her own purposes, and then passed on from hand to hand, steadily northward, till it reached Haulla, always bearing the same name, the Bisara of Puri. In shape it is a tiny square box of silver, studded outside with eight small balas rubies. Inside the box, which opens with a spring, is a little eyesless fish, carved from some sort of dark, shiny nut and wrapped in a shroud of faded gold cloth. That is the Bisara of Puri, and it were better for a man to take a king cobra in his hand than to touch the Bisara of Puri.

All kinds of magic are out of date, and done away with except in India, where nothing changes in spite of the shiny, toy-sonn stuff that people call "civilization." Any man who knows about the Bisara of Puri will tell you what its powers are, always supposing that it has been honestly stolen. It is the only regularly working, trustworthy love charm in the country, with one exception.

(The other charm is in the hands of a trooper of the Nizam's Horse, at a place called Tuprani, due north of Haidarabad.) This can be depended upon for a fact. Some one else may explain it.

If the Bisara be not stolen, but given or bought or found, it turns against its owner in three years, and leads to ruin or death. This is another fact which you may explain when you have time. Meanwhile you can laugh at it. At present the Bisara is safe on an akka pony's neck, inside the blue bead necklace that keeps off the evil eye. If the akka driver ever finds it and wears it or gives it to his wife, I am sorry for him.

A very dirty hill cooly woman, with goiter, owned it at Theog in 1884. It came into Simla from the north before Churton's khitmatgar bought it and sold it for three times its silver value to Churton, who collected curiosities. The servant knew no more what he had bought than the master, but a man looking over Churton's collection of curiosities—Churton was an assistant commissioner, by the way—saw and held his tongue. He was an Englishman, but knew how to believe—which shows that he was different from most Englishmen. He knew that it was dangerous to have any share in the little box when working or dormant, for unsought love is a terrible gift.

Pack—"Grubby" Pack, as we used to call him—was in every way a nasty little man who must have crawled into the army by mistake. He was three inches taller than his sword, but not half so strong. And the sword was a 50 shilling, tailor-made one. Nobody liked him, and I suppose it was his wizenness and worthlessness that made him fall so hopelessly in love with Miss Hollis, who was good and sweet, and five foot seven in her tennis shoes. He was not content with falling in love quietly, but brought all the strength of his miserable little nature into the business. If he had not been so objectionable, one might have pitied him. He vapored and fretted and fumed and trotted up and down and tried to make himself pleasing in Miss Hollis' big, quiet, gray eyes, and failed. It was one of the cases that you sometimes meet, even in the country where we marry by code, of a really blind attachment all on one side, without the faintest possibility of return. Miss Hollis looked on Pack as some sort of vermin running about the road. He had no prospects beyond captain's pay, and no wits to help that out by one anna. In a large sized man love like his would have been touching. In a good man it would have been grand. He being what he was, it was only a nuisance.

You will believe this much. What you will not believe is what follows: Churton, the man who knew what the Bisara was, was lunching at the Simla club together. Churton was complaining of life in general. His best mare had rolled out of the stable down the hill and had broken her back. His decisions were being reversed by the upper courts more than an assistant commissioner of eight years' standing has a right to expect. He knew liver and fever, and for weeks past had felt out of sorts. Altogether he was disgusted and disheartened.

Simla club dining room is built, as all the world knows, in two sections, with an arch arrangement dividing them. Come in, turn to your left, take the table under the window and you cannot see any one who has come in, turned to the right, and taken a table on the right side of the arch. Curiously enough every word that you say can be heard, not only by the other diner, but by the servants beyond the screen through which they bring dinner. This is worth knowing. An echoing room is a trap to be forewarned against.

Half in fun and half hoping to be believed, the man who knew told Churton the story of the Bisara of Puri at rather greater length than I have told it to you in this place, winding up with a suggestion that Churton might as well throw the little box down the hill and see whether all his troubles would go with it. In ordinary ears—English ears—the tale was only an interesting bit of folklore. Churton laughed, said that he felt better for his breakfast, and went out. Pack had been breakfasting by himself to the right of the arch, and had heard everything. He was nearly mad with his absurd infatuation for Miss Hollis, that all Simla had been laughing about.

It is a curious thing that when a man hates or loves beyond reason he is ready to go beyond reason to gratify his feelings—which he would not do for money or power merely. Depend upon it Solomon would never have built altars to Ashteroth and all those ladies with queer names if there had not been trouble of some kind in his zenana and nowhere else. But this is beside the story. The facts of the case are these: Pack called on Churton next day when Churton was out, left his card and stole the Bisara of Puri from its place under the clock on the mantelpiece! Stole it like the thief he was by nature. Three days later all Simla was electrified by the news that Miss Hollis had accepted Pack—the shriveled rat, Pack! Do you desire clearer evidence than this? The Bisara of Puri had been stolen, and it worked as it had always done when won by foul means.

There are three or four times in a man's life when he is justified in meddling with other people's affairs to play Providence.

The man who knew felt that he was justified, but believing and acting on a belief are quite different things. The insolent satisfaction of Pack as he ambled by the side of Miss Hollis and Churton's striking release from liver as soon as the Bisara of Puri had gone, decided the man. He explained to Churton, and Churton laughed, because he was not brought up to believe that men on the government house list steal—at least little things. But the miraculous acceptance by Miss Hollis of that tailor, Pack, decided him to take steps on suspicion. He vowed that he only wanted to find out where his ruby studded silver box had vanished to. You cannot accuse a man of the government house list of stealing. And if you rifle his room you are a thief yourself. Churton, prompted by the man who knew, decided on burglary. If he found nothing in Pack's room, * * * but it is not nice to think of what would have happened in that case.

Pack went to a dance at Benmore—Benmore was Benmore in those days, and not an office—and danced 15 waltzes out of 22 with Miss Hollis. Churton and the man took all the keys that they could lay hands on and went to Pack's room in the hotel, certain that his servants would be away. Pack was a cheap soul. He had not purchased a decent cash box to keep his papers in, but one of those native imitations that you buy for 10 rupees. It opened to any sort of key, and there at the bottom, under Pack's insurance policy, lay the Bisara of Puri!

Churton called Pack names, put the Bisara of Puri in his pocket, and went to the dance with the man—at least he came in time for supper and saw the beginning of the end in Miss Hollis' eyes. She was hysterical after supper, and was taken away by her mamma.

At the dance, with the abominable Bisara in his pocket, Churton twisted his foot on one of the steps leading down to the old rink, and had to be sent home in a rickshaw grumbling. He did not believe in the Bisara of Puri any the more for this manifestation, but he sought out Pack and called him some ugly names, and "thief" was the mildest of them. Pack took the names with the nervous smile of a little man who wants both soul and body to resent an insult, and went his way. There was no public scandal.

A week later Pack got his definite dismissal from Miss Hollis. There had been a mistake in the placing of her affections she said. So he went away to Madras, where he can do no great harm even if he lives to be a colonel.

Churton insisted upon the man who knew taking the Bisara of Puri as a gift. The man took it, went down to the cart road at once, found an akka pony with a blue bead necklace, fastened the Bisara of Puri inside the necklace with a piece of shoestring and thanked heaven that he was rid of a danger. Remember, in case you ever find it, that you must not destroy the Bisara of Puri. I have not time to explain why just now, but the power lies in the little wooden fish. Mister Gubernatis or Max Muller could tell you more about it than I.

You will say that all this story is made up. Very well. If ever you come across a little silver, ruby studded box, seven-eighths of an inch long by three-quarters wide, with a dark brown wooden fish, wrapped in gold cloth, inside it, keep it. Keep it for three years, and then you will discover for yourself whether my story is true or false.

Better still, steal it, as Pack did, and you will be sorry that you had not killed yourself in the beginning.—Rudyard Kipling.

A Fair Question.

He—Why do they call women the fair sex?

She—To distinguish them from the unfair sex no doubt.—Roxbury Gazette.

SUMMER HEADGEAR.

COLORS ARE LIGHTER AND HATS LARGER.

New Tricks are Developing to Increase the Size—The Home-Made Hat is Now Hardly a Possibility—Some Late New York Designs.

Millinery Modes.

New York correspondence:

PRING millinery is giving way to summer headgear, but the change is gradual and really means so little that it is hardly noticed by the general observer, though every purchaser of a summer hat realizes it and feels that the world ought to. As summer advances colors will be lighter and hats will be larger, but the present riot of blossoms and foliage will be kept up in the trimmings, and as the latter is the most distinctive feature of summer millinery, the change is just so much less apparent. Just now and for two months to come medium-sized hats like that of the initial picture will be much worn. This one was sketched in fancy brown straw, and was somewhat on the English walking style, with a moderately large rosette of the chiffon fell over the brim, and the hat was further garnished with a very full white egrette. This is a size to select when it is desired that the spring hat shall last through the summer, being not too



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IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

"Give me a kiss," she pleading said.
He heard, unmoved, her warm sweet suing.
Although to her he was not sweet.
Nor had he even come a-wooing.

"Give me a kiss," Her lips in shape
To tempt a saint did thus beseech him.
While he seemed planning an escape
To some place where she could not reach him.

"Give me a kiss, just one, I pray."
Her fond insistence ill did serve her.
He looked askance and moved away.
Scared and disgusted with her fervor.

"Give me a kiss," Each coaxing word
But helped anew to fright and pain him.
Because he was her brand new bird,
And she was starting in to train him.

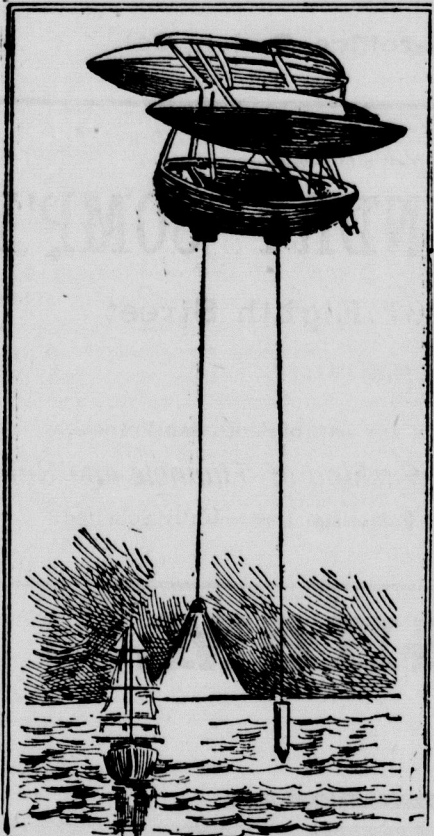
—Madeline S. Bridges in "Ladies' Home Journal."

DYNAMITE AIR-SHIP.

Novel Flying Machine Is Being Constructed in Washington.

In a busy workshop of a Washington suburb a novel flying machine is in course of construction. The greatest secrecy prevails among the workmen, and the professor who is the brains of the concern is a sphinx. It has been learned, however, that the invention consists of two immense bobbin-shaped receptacles made of thin sheet aluminum, to contain hydrogen gas.

A car or cabin of the same metal is to be attached to the receptacles, and will be of sufficient size to accommodate a crew of five or six. An electric motor will operate the wings and steering mechanism. The car will be the shape of a ship's hull, and in case of the aerial contrivance collapsing, the inventor claims the crew can drop to the surface of the sea and become navigators of the water instead of the air.



DROPPING A TORPEDO FROM THE CLOIS.

Tightly closed trapdoors, which, when securely fastened, will not admit water, are to be opened when at the desired height for the purpose of releasing torpedoes, to be lowered by a cable reeled from a windlass in the car. The torpedoes, according to the inventor's plan, are to be lowered to the deck of an enemy's ship or swung against the side of her hull, when a current of electricity is to be sent through the cable to explode the cartridge.

The airship is designed particularly for night service, and to that end a powerful electric light is to be provided in the form of a large globe suspended from a reel of wire passed through the floor of the car.

A Frenchman's Dilemma.

"I begin to understand your language better," said a Frenchman the other day, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them so with your prepositions. I have just seen my friend, Mrs. James, and she said she intended to break down housekeeping—no, break up, I mean—her health is so broken into, and since smallpox was broken up in the city she thinks she will leave for a time."

After some difficulty he was set straight and made to understand that he should say broken up as applied to health, broken out as applied to smallpox, after which he continued:

"Mrs. James tells me her son's engagement is broken—broken off. He seems a nice young fellow and is a breaker, I believe."

And it was some time before his hearers realized that this last was not a pun, but only another eccentricity of the verb "to break"—that young Mr. James is a breaker, and that his profession is not that of breaking either engagements or hearts.—New York Journal.

Walpole an Inspired Reporter.

Of course a man may choose, if he will, to be less than a free author. He may become a reporter, for there is such a thing as reporting for books as well as reporting for newspapers, and there have been reporters so amazingly clever that their very aptness and wit constitute them a sort of immortals. You have proof of this in Horace Walpole, at whose hands gossip and compliment receive a sort of apotheosis. Such men hold the secret of a kind of alchemy by which things trivial and temporary may be transmuted into literature. But they are only inspired reporters after all, and while a man was wishing, he might wish to be more and climb to better company.—Professor Woodrow Wilson in Century.

Mrs. Pickersell's Chance.

The latest move on the part of woman is to secure the street cleaning. Mrs. Mary M. Pickersell of Denver has obtained the contract by making a bid \$6,000 less than that of her predecessor. It has been claimed and claimed again that woman's experience as housekeeper should make her especially valuable in this field. It remains for Mrs. Pickersell to vindicate her own and her sex's right to the reputation of economists.

WEDDED TO A ROYAL RAKE.

Few royal personages in Europe deserve more sympathy than the queen of the Belgians, whose husband's escapades with stage celebrities and others have nearly driven his wife insane. King Leopold is 60 years of age, but shows little sign of abating the scandalous behavior which has made his name a byword for years. At one time



THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

his excesses in London landed him in a police court, and his most gracious majesty had considerable difficulty in escaping the punishment so often dealt out to plebeian roysterers—a month in jail. His scandalous doings have caused untold grief to his wife, whose tastes and habits are of a domesticated character. Her majesty has made every effort to wean him from his unseemly ways, but has met with little or no success.

Don'ts for the Summer Girl.

Don't giggle.
Don't listen to scandal.
Don't defy public opinion.
Don't play on the hotel piano.
Don't believe everything you hear.
Don't sleep all day and dance all night.
Don't form lifelong friendships in three days.
Don't have "heart talks" with every man you know.
Don't read "Harry's" letters aloud to your girl friends.
Don't go rowing with the young man who tips the boat.
Don't refuse to marry a good man if you get the chance.

Don't tell your admirers all the secrets of your girl friends.

Don't become engaged to more than two men at the same time.

Don't put on your bathing suit unless you're going into the water.

Don't join sailing parties unless you can stand a little rough weather.

Don't snub your mother or maiden aunt in public. It doesn't look well.

Don't try to protect your complexion. Give the sun and fresh air an inning.

Don't sing, unless nature has given you a voice which will not cause others pain.

Don't trust the gentleman who has married unhappily and wishes to tell you all about it.

Don't forget that half an hour of exercise in the open air is worth more than all the nerve tonics in the market.

Don't forget that the summer hotel veranda is the happy hunting-ground of the most merciless gossips on earth.

Don't waste too much sympathy on "poor George, working away in the hot city." George is getting along very nicely.

Don't make your willing slaves fasten your shoestrings more than seven times in the course of one day. The novelty wears off.—New York World.

Monkey Skin Card Cases.

Professor Garner is not the only man who has found a new use for the monkey. The up-to-date jeweler is fully equal in this respect. The jeweler, to be sure, has turned the monkey to decorative rather than philological account, but the service to the world at large is still very great. This is at once apparent when it is stated that all the newest card cases are of monkey skin. They are ornamented with an applied decoration of enameled silver, patterned after the early spring flowers. The blooms are life size and as like the original as possible, both in form and color. The effect is very pretty, as the flowers lie upon their leather background as gracefully as if a careless hand had flung them there.

One Multi-Millionaire's Wife.

Mrs. Krueger, wife of President Krueger of the Transvaal, who is an extremely homely woman, does nearly all her own housework, cooking meals, making her own bed and always taking a hand in the family washing. When her husband has "state guests" to dinner the good lady will trust the task of waiting on the table to no one, and donning a white apron she performs the office of butler. Her husband has a private fortune of \$25,000,000, but it's "Auntie" Krueger's boast that they live on their "coffee money"—a perquisite of \$2,000 a year allowed them by the government.

Saved Money and Lost Credit.

An amusing incident occurred at a fashionable wedding in this city. One friend, who determined to save her money and credit at the same time, took a broken earring to a famous jeweler of State street and ordered the little stone to be set as a scarf pin for the groom. As she eagerly remarked: "It does me no good, and coming from such a famous establishment they are sure to prize it and think I paid a lot of money." When the package was returned from the shop the wedding guest failed to examine her proposed present and merely dispatched it, with her card and compliments. Imagine her disgust when strolling through the rooms where the bridal gifts were displayed to find a dozen people about her offering and each one smiling. For a moment she hesitated, then pressed forward, and lo! there was the precious

white satin covered box bearing the prized name, it is true, but, alas! below. "From the repairing department," and even worse than all, resting on the blue cotton beside the pin was an old broken bit of earring, returned by the conscientious firm.—Chicago Chronicle.

Japs Reform Their Dress.

The Empress of Japan has discarded the picturesque costume of her country. Her majesty's wardrobe is made in Paris, and she has a decided preference for tight-fitting, small-waisted gowns. The royal example is followed by the ladies of the court, and state functions no longer present their former polychromatic appearance. It is a curious coincidence that the discarded Japanese costume combines all the latest ideas on dress reform embodied by its apostles here and in Europe.

Parts Her Hair on the Side.

Fluffy bangs, and even the coquettish waves that so graciously conceal the imperfections of an ugly forehead, are, as well as the girl that wears them, out of date. The mannish girl is at the height of the fashion, and she is astounding thousands of her primmer sisters by parting her hair at the side.

Absolute severity and simplicity is the motto of the new hair-dressing. Twist or coil or braid or do whatever you will with your back hair, so long as the result is modest and inconspicuous.



LATEST EDIT FOR THE TAILOR-MADE GIRL.

nous, but under no circumstances must you venture to impart a feminine curl to the front locks.

Royal Wheelwomen.

Nearly all the members of the royal family of England are cyclists. Princess Victoria of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne and Princess Henry of Battenberg all ride and are enthusiasts. The Queen of Italy had her first bicycle lessons last summer, but is already an expert. She required only twelve lessons to become proficient.

What Women Are Doing.

During the absence of three months of Rev. Mr. Cochrane of the Unitarian Church at Bar Harbor, Maine, his wife will attend to all his ministerial duties.

Three different books have recently been devoted to Joan of Arc and a fourth is coming. Mrs. Oliphant is writing a history of the maid for "The Heroes of the Nations" series.

Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope has just published the life and letters of Mrs. Frances Trollope, her mother-in-law, who wrote a book on American customs and manners that gave great offense.

Miss Gladstone, daughter of the ex-premier, who has recently accepted the presidency of the Cambridge Women's Liberal Club, made her first appearance recently at a largely attended meeting.

There is a woman dentist in New York who is fast attaining popularity and fortune. She is a German by birth, and has a large clientele among the singers and other musicians of her own nationality in the city.

Late Spring Costume.



The Good Man's Imitative Dog.

"I have a dog," said a minister who had just heard a precocious story, "that is very sagacious. One Saturday he followed me to church and sat among the people and watched my movements in the pulpit. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling in my back yard and of course went to see what it meant. I found my dog was in the wood shed standing on his hind legs in a dry goods box. He held down a torn almanac with one paw and gesticulated with the other while he swayed his head and howled to an audience of four other dogs even more sadly than I had done in the morning."—Danville Advocate.

In the Course of Events.

"Say, Chummy," he said thoughtfully as he gazed at the golf players, "dere's no tellin what dese swells'll do."

"What's de matter wit' 'em now?"

"Look at 'em an see. Dey're playin shinnny. Dey'll be shootin marbles an dyin kites next."—Washington Star.



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She did nothing. She would see nobody from the instant the news came. She had hardly slept at night, was always awake at dawn and out at the gate to get the earliest copy of the morning papers, but the news reached them at nightfall, and when some of the ladies from the fort drove in to offer their sympathy and condolence in the morning and to make tender inquiry the answer at the door was that Miss Nina saw nobody, that her mother alone was with her, and that "she was very still." And so it went for some days. Then there came the return of the command to Sibley, and hundreds of people went up from town to see the six companies of the fort garrison march up the winding road amid the thunder of welcome from the guns of the light battery and the exultant strains of the band. Mrs. Maynard and Alice were the only ladies of the circle who were not there. A son and brother had joined them after long absence, at Aunt Grace's cottage at Sablon, was the explanation, and the colonel would bring them home in a few days, after he had attended to some important matters at the fort. In the first place, Chester had to see to it that the tongue of scandal was slit, so far as the colonel's household was concerned, and all good people notified that no such thing had happened as was popularly supposed—and "everybody" received the announcement with the remark that she knew all along it couldn't be so—and that a grievous and absurd but most mortifying blunder had been made. It was a most unpleasant ghost to down, the shadow of that scandal, for it would come up to the surface of garrison chat at all manner of confidential moments, but no man or woman could safely speak of it to Chester. It was gradually assumed that he was the man who had done all the blundering and that he was supersensitive on the subject.

There was another thing, never satisfactorily explained to some of the garrison people, and that was Nina Beaubien's strange conduct. In less than a week she was seen on the street in colors—brilliant colors—when it was known she had ordered deep mourning, and then she suddenly disappeared and went with her silent old mother abroad. To this day no woman in society understands it, for when she came back, long, long afterward, it was a subject on which she would never speak. There were one or two who ventured to ask, and the answer was, "For reasons that concern me alone." But it took no great power of mental vision to see that her heart wore black for him forever.

His letter explained it all. She had received it with a paroxysm of passionate grief and joy, kissed it, covered it with wildest caresses before she began to read, and then, little by little, as the words unfolded before her staring eyes, turned cold as stone.

"It is my last night of life, Nina, and I am glad 'tis so. Proud and sensitive as I am, the knowledge that every man in my regiment has turned from me; that I have not a friend among them; that there is no longer a place for me in their midst—more than all, that I deserve their contempt—has broken my heart. We will be in battle before the setting of another sun. Any man who seeks death in Indian fight can find it easily enough, and I can compel their respect in spite of themselves. They will not recognize me, living, as one of them, but dying on the field they have to place me on their roll of honor."

"But now I turn to you. What have I been, what am I, to have won such love as yours? May God in heaven forgive me for my past! All too late I hate and despise the man I have been—the man whom you loved. One last act of justice remains. If I died without it, you would mourn me faithfully, tenderly, lovingly, for years, but if I tell the truth you will see the utter unworthiness of the man, and your love will turn to contempt. It is hard to do this, knowing that in doing it I kill the only genuine regret and dry the only tear that would bless my memory, but it is the one sacrifice I can make to complete my self humiliation, and it is the one thing that is left me that will free you. It will sting at first; but, like the surgeon's knife, its cut is mercy. Nina, the very night I came to you on the bluffs, the very night you periled your honor to have that parting interview, I went to you with a lie on my lips. I had told her we were nothing to each other, you and I. More than that, I was seeking her love. I hoped I could win her, and had she loved me I would have turned from you to make her my wife. Nina, I loved Alice Renwick. Goodby. Don't mourn for me after this."

CHAPTER XX.

They were having a family conclave at Sablon. The furlough granted Sergeant McLeod on account of wound received in action with hostile Indians would soon expire, and the question was, Should he ask an extension, apply for a discharge or go back and rejoin his troop? It was a matter on which there was much diversity of opinion. Mrs. Maynard should naturally be permitted first choice, and to her wish there was every reason for according deep and tender consideration. No words can tell of the rapture of that reunion with her long lost son. It was a scene over which the colonel could never ponder without deep emotion. The telegrams and letters by which he carefully prepared her for Frederick's coming were all insufficient. She knew well that her boy must have greatly changed and matured, but when this tall, bronzed, bearded, stalwart man sprang from the old red omnibus and threw his one serviceable arm around her trembling form the mother was utterly overcome.

Alice left them alone together a full

hour before even she intruded, and little by little, as the days went by and Mrs. Maynard realized that it was really her Fred who was whistling about the cottage or booming trooper songs in his great basso profundo and glorying in his regiment and the cavalry life he had led, a wonderful content and joy shone in her handsome face. It was not until the colonel announced that it was about time for them to think of going back to Sibley that the cloud came. Fred said he couldn't go.

In fact, the colonel himself had been worrying a little over it. As Fred Renwick, the tall, distinguished young man in civilian costume, he would be welcome anywhere; but, though his garb was that of the sovereign citizen so long as his furlough lasted, there were but two weeks more of it left, and officially he was nothing more nor less than Sergeant McLeod, Troop B,—th cavalry, and there was no precedent for a colonel's entertaining as an honored guest and social equal one of the enlisted men of the army. He rather hoped that Fred would yield to his mother's entreaties and apply for a discharge. His wound and the latent trouble with his heart would probably render it an easy matter to obtain, and yet he was ashamed of himself for the feeling.

Then there was Alice. It was hardly to be supposed that so very high bred a young woman would relish the idea of being seen around Fort Sibley in the arm of her brother, the sergeant; but, wonderful to relate, Miss Alice took a radically different view of the whole situation. So far from wishing Fred out of the army, she importuned him day after day until he got out his best uniform, with its resplendent chevrons and stripes of vivid yellow and the yellow helmet cords, though they were but humble worsted, and when he came forth in that dress, with the bronze medal on his left breast and the sharpshooter's silver cross, his tall, athletic figure showing to such advantage, his dark, southern, manly features so enhanced by contrast with his yellow facings, she clasped her hands with a cry of delight and sprang into his one available arm and threw her own about his neck and kissed him again and again.

Even mamma had to admit he looked astonishingly well, but Alice declared she would never thereafter be reconciled to seeing him in anything but a cavalry uniform. The colonel found her not at all of her mother's way of thinking. She saw no reason why Fred should leave the service. Other sergeants had won their commissions every year. Why not he? Even if it were some time in coming, was there shame or degradation in being a cavalry sergeant? Not a bit of it! Fred himself was loath to quit. He was getting a little homesick, too—homesick for the boundless life and space and air of the broad frontier, homesick for the rapid movement and vigorous hours in the saddle and on the scout. His arm was healing, and such a delight of a letter had come from his captain, telling him that the adjutant had just been to see him about the new staff of the regiment. The gallant sergeant major, a young Prussian of marked ability, had been killed early in the campaign. The vacancy must soon be filled, and the colonel and the adjutant both thought at once of Sergeant McLeod. "I won't stand in your way, sergeant," wrote his troop commander, "but you know that old Ryan is to be discharged at the end of his sixth enlistment, the 10th of next month. There is no man I would sooner see in his place as first sergeant of my troop than yourself, and I hate to lose you. But, as it will be for the gain and the good of the whole regiment, you ought to accept the adjutant's offer. All the men rejoice to hear you are recovering so fast, and all will be glad to see Sergeant McLeod back again."

Even Mrs. Maynard could not but see the pride and comfort this letter gave her son. Her own longing was to have him established in some business in the east, but he said frankly he had no taste for it and would only pine for the old life in the saddle. There were other reasons, too, said he, why he felt that he could not go back to New York, and his voice trembled, and Mrs. Maynard said no more. It was the sole allusion he had made to the old, old sorrow, but it was plain that the recovery was incomplete.

The colonel and the doctor at Sibley believed that Fred could be carried past the medical board by a little management, and everything began to look as though he would have his way. All they were waiting for, said the colonel, was to hear from Armitage. He was still at Fort Russell with the headquarters and several troops of the—th cavalry. His wound was too severe for him to travel farther for weeks to come, but he could write, and he had been consulted. They were sitting under the broad piazza at Sablon, looking out at the lovely, placid lake and talking it over among themselves.

"I have always leaned on Armitage ever since I first came to the regiment and found him adjutant," said the colonel. "I always found his judgment clear, but since our last experience I have begun to look upon him as infallible."

Alice Renwick's face took on a flood of crimson as she sat there by her brother's side, silent and attentive. Only within the week that followed their return—the colonel's and her brother's—had the story of the strange complication been revealed to them. Twice had she heard from Fred's lips the story of Frank Armitage's greeting that frosty morning at the springs. Time and again had she made her mother go over the colonel's account of the confidence and faith he had expressed in there being a simple explanation of the whole mystery and of his indignant refusal to attach one moment's suspicion to her. Shocked, stunned, outraged as she felt at the mere fact that such a story had gained an instant's credence in garrison circles, she was overwhelmed by the weight of circumstantial evidence that had been arrayed against her.

Only little by little did her mother reveal it to her. Only after several days

did Fred repeat the story of his night adventure and his theft of her picture, of his narrow escape and of his subsequent visit to the cottage. Only gradually had her mother revealed to her the circumstances of Jerrold's wager with Sloat and the direful consequences, of his double absences the very nights on which Fred had made his visits, of the suspicions that resulted, the accusations and his refusal to explain and clear her name. Mrs. Maynard felt vaguely relieved to see how slight an impression the young man had made on her daughter's heart. Alice seemed but little surprised to hear of the engagement to Nina Beaubien, of her rush to his rescue and their romantic parting. The tragedy of his death hushed all further talk on that subject. There was one of which she could not hear enough, and that was about the man who had been most instrumental in the rescue of her name and honor. Alice had only tender sorrow and no reproach for her stepfather when, after her mother told her the story of his sad experience 20 years before, she related his distress of mind and suspicion when he read Jerrold's letter. It was then that Alice said, "And against that piece of evidence no man, I suppose, would hold me guilty?"

"You are wrong, dear," was her mother's answer. "It was powerless to move Captain Armitage. He scouted the idea of your guilt from the moment he set eyes on you and never rested until he had overturned the last atom of evidence. Even I had to explain," said her mother, "simply to confirm his theory of the light Captain Chester had seen and the shadows and the form at the window. It was just exactly as Armitage reasoned it out. I was wretched and wakeful, sleeping but fitfully that night. I arose and took some bromide about 3 o'clock and soon afterward heard a fall or a noise like one. I thought of you and got up and went in your room, and all was quiet there, but it seemed close and warm, so I raised your shade and then left both your door and mine open and went back to bed."

"I dozed away presently and then woke feeling all startled again, don't you know—the sensation one experiences when aroused from sleep, certain that there has been a strange and startling noise, and yet unable to tell what it was? I lay still a moment, but the colonel slept through it all, and I wondered at it. I knew there had been a shot or something, but could not bear to disturb him. At last I got up again and went to your room to be sure you were all right, and you were sleeping soundly still, but a breeze was beginning to blow and flap your shade to and fro, so I drew it and went out, taking my lamp with me this time and softly closing your door behind me. See how it all seemed to fit in with everything else that had happened. It took a man with a will of his own and an unshakable faith in woman to stand firm against such evidence."

And, though Alice Renwick was silent, she appreciated the fact none the less. Day after day she clung to her stalwart brother's side. She had ceased to ask questions about Captain Armitage and that strange greeting after the first day or two; but, oddly enough, she could never let him talk long of any subject but that campaign, of his ride with the captain to the front, of the long talk they had had, and then the stirring fight and the magnificent way in which Armitage had handled his long skirmish line. He was enthusiastic in his praise of the tall Saxon captain. He soon noted how silent and absorbed she sat when he was the theme of discourse. He incidentally mentioned little things "he" had said about "her" that morning and marked how her color rose and her eyes flashed quick, joyful, questioning glances at his face, then fell in maiden shyness. He had speedily gauged the cause of that strange excitement displayed by Armitage at seeing him the morning he rode in with the scout. Now he was gauging with infinite delight the other side of the question. Then, brotherlike, he began to twit and tease her, and that was the last of the confidences.

All the same it was an eager group that surrounded the colonel the evening he came down with the captain's letter. "It settles the thing in my mind. We'll go back to Sibley tomorrow, and as for you, Sergeant Major Fred, your name has gone in for a commission, and I've no doubt a very deserving sergeant will be spoiled in making a very good for nothing second lieutenant. Get you back to your regiment, sir, and call on Captain Armitage as soon as you reach Fort Russell and tell him you are much obliged. He has been blowing your trumpet for you there, and as some of those cavalrymen have sense enough to appreciate the opinion of such a soldier as my ex-adjutant—some of them, mind you; I don't admit that all cavalrymen have sense enough to keep them out of perpetual trouble—you came in for a hearty endorsement, and you'll probably be up before the next board for examination. Go and bone your constitution and the rule of three, and who was the father of Zebedee's children, and the order of the Ptolemies and the Seleucids, and other such things that they'll be sure to ask you as indispensable to the mental outfit of an Indian fighter." It was evident that the colonel was in joyous mood, but Alice was silent. She wanted to hear the letter. He would have handed it to Frederick, but both Mrs. Maynard and Aunt Grace clamored to hear it read aloud, so he cleared his throat and began:

(To Be Continued.)

The enumeration of children in Oakland has been completed by School Census Marshal Friend, and contrary to all expectation the total shows an increase over last year's figures of 141. The number of children under five years was found to be 4862, as compared to 4933 last year, a falling off of 71. The grand total of children in the city under 17 years of age is 18,145, as against 18,075 last year, an increase of 70.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal. as
second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance, \$2.00
Six Months, " 1.25
Three Months, " .65

Advertising rates furnished on applica-
tion.

Office—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand
and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San
Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1896.

EDITORIAL CHURLISHNESS.

Upon Wednesday last the San Fran-
cisco Chronicle contained an editorial
referring to the arrival in San Fran-
cisco of the Hon. J. Sterling Morton,
Secretary of Agriculture, upon a visit
to this State.

In calling attention to the article,
we omit the reflections of the Chron-
icle with regard to Secretary Morton
politically and quote only so much
thereof as refers to California's dis-
tinguished visitor personally and offi-
cially.

"Secretary Morton says he is out
here to investigate the viticultural
and horticultural interests of the State.

Mr. Morton is not an expert
in either wine-making or fruit grow-
ing. The superficial examination he
can make of California orchards and
vineyards will neither help him nor
aid this State."

It is as difficult to account for the
animus of such an article, as it is to
excuse its rude breach of courtesy and
display of editorial ignorance.

Neither personal grievance nor
difference of political opinion can jus-
tify a public journalist in playing the
part of a churl.

Secretary Morton, as the official head
of the Department of Agriculture, re-
presents the orchards and vineyards as
well as the grain fields and stock
ranches of the United States.

Upon what ground does the editor of
the Chronicle base his assertion that
"Mr. Morton is not an expert" in either
wine-making or fruit growing?"

We cannot vouch for Secretary Mor-
ton's expert knowledge of the processes
of wine-making, but we will state for
the information of the editorial writer
on the Chronicle, that twenty-four
years ago the fruit grown upon trees
planted by Mr. Morton's hands, in his
orchard, near Nebraska City, went to
make up the Nebraska State collection
of fruits which carried off first prize at
the meeting of the Horticultural Asso-
ciation at Richmond, Virginia, at
which all the States of the Union com-
peted. We will also state for the edi-
fication and better information of the
Chronicle editor, that Mr. Morton has
been for more than forty years a farmer
and fruit grower, an able and intelli-
gent leader in matters horticultural as
well as agricultural, a prominent
patron not only of husbandry, but of
forestry, the originator and founder of
Arbor Day, a member and mainstay
of the Nebraska State Board of Agri-
culture from the time the Board was
first organized, and withal, a practical
and not a political or fancy book
farmer.

Furthermore, the leading newspapers
of California, including the Chronicle,
have time and again insisted that it
was the duty of the President of the
United States and members of the
Cabinet, to visit the distant States
of the Pacific Coast and become acquaint-
ed with their resources and needs
through personal observation. In
view of these facts, why is it, when
the distinguished representative of our
Government accepts the oft-repeated
invitation of the press and people of
the State, that the Chronicle writer,
churl-like, slams the door in his face.

Secretary Morton may well exclaim:
"To one well born, the affront is worse and more,
When he's abused and baffled by a boor."

ORGANIZE.

The San Francisco Call urges Repub-
licans to organize their forces at once
throughout the length and breadth of
the State, and offers the following
cogent reasons in favor of such action:

The harmony and confidence exist-
ing among the rank and file of the
party has created an enthusiasm favor-
able to such a movement at the present
time.

An early organization is desirable to
prepare the party for the ratification
meetings after the Presidential nomi-
nation in June.

Through such action recruits would
be drawn to the party in large num-
bers from the ranks of the young

Americans, who will cast their first
votes this fall. The minds of men are
more susceptible to reason now than
they will be when the heat and excite-
ment of the campaign has come to dis-
turb, confuse and distract them.

The Call is, as usual, right, its rea-
sons convincing and its suggestion
timely.

Organization will preserve the unity
and harmony now existing and afford
a medium for making party enthu-
siasm effective.

Let Republicans fall into line, form
ranks and prepare for action.

The Enterprise hopes to have the
pleasure of publishing a call in its
next issue for a meeting to reorganize
the Republican League Club, formed
four years ago.

A TIMELY HINT.

The report of the committee on cre-
dentials of the recent Republican
State Convention condemning the
practice of appointing delegates to the
party conventions, should be a suffi-
cient hint to committeemen, that they
are the agents and not the masters of
the party, and that the assumption of
sovereignty on their part, is an un-
warranted usurpation of the rights of
the rank and file of the party.

The action of President Cleveland,
extending the civil service law, meets
the approval of all good citizens, irre-
spective of party, who have given the
subject consideration. The latest order
of the President adds 30,000 Govern-
ment employees to the classified list,
and increases the number to a grand
total of 85,000.

Beginning with the enactment of
the first civil service law in 1883, this
reform has grown in favor constantly
and despite the opposition of office
brokers, until it has, by its latest exten-
sion, left little of the crude wretched
system which preceded it. The spoils
system, as it has been aptly and ap-
propriately named, has fallen into general
disfavor and disrepute, and will soon
cease to disgrace and demoralize the
National civil service, and to corrupt
the body politic.

The San Mateo Leader closed its
seventh volume last week. The
Leader is a model local paper, alive to
the best interest of San Mateo, able
and earnest in its advocacy of ques-
tions of local and public interest, and
sound politically.

The California carnival fever has
reached the metropolis. The contagion
has broken out in the city of San
Francisco, and gives promise of devel-
oping a case of the highest and most
perfect type of this popular California
disorder.

Tom Platt has a bad attack of politi-
cal jaundice. McKinley is too white
for him on the financial question.
Everything must have the tinge of
the yellow metal or it don't go with
Platt.

The Santa Clara Journal has just
entered upon its 29th volume with
every indication of continued and
increasing prosperity. The Journal
is a live newspaper and a potent factor
in the affairs of its town and county.

THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

How at Last He Became a True Expert in
Patches on Shoes.

"I thought I was a connoisseur in
patches," said the man of moderate
means, "for I had four patches on each
shoe. I used to laugh as I looked at
them and fancy that I might almost call
myself an expert. But, alas, as I soon
discovered, I was scarcely more than an
amateur.

"In the course of time a new crack
developed in one of my shoes, in the up-
per, crosswise of the shoe and about
midway between the sole and the top or
highest point of the shoe. At the same
time a patch along the welt on the same
side started loose, and I took the shoe
to the shoemaker. He had put other
patches on my shoes in the most perfect
manner, and he had always treated me
when I came for a new patch with the
same politeness as though I had come
each time for a pair of new shoes.

"He looked the shoe over, and said he
would make one patch to cover both
places, the place along the welt and the
new crack in the top. This was obvious-
ly the thing to do. It would make one
patch instead of two, and so would look
better, and, with its greater area and
wider distribution of the wearing strain,
it would last longer than two smaller
patches. So he put it on that way; run-
ning along the welt and then making a
turn and running up to cover the crack
in the top.

"As I looked at the new L shaped
patch I realized how limited my pre-
vious knowledge of patches had been. I
had had many patches, but they had
been but commonplace, just plain, ordi-
nary patches, but as I looked at the new
patch—and looking down at my shoes
I saw in them (and in the near future,
if I would keep them in repair) the
prospective need of other patches, al-
phabetical and geometrical—I knew
that I was now in a fair way to become
an expert indeed."—New York Sun.

A REGION OF WONDER

THE MYSTERIOUS COUNTRY NEAR
THE SCHOMBURGK LINE.

High Plateau With Precipitous Sides
Which Modern Man Has Been Unable to
Scale—May Contain Prehistoric Animals
and Trees—Proposed as a Park.

Perhaps the result of the Venezuela
boundary commission's work will be
the solving of one of the most remark-
able geological enigmas in the world
and the exploration of what is regarded
as a unique natural wonderland. This
remarkable region is a number of ele-
vated and isolated areas of land, situ-
ated on what the British call British
Guiana's southwestern boundary, which
is in the disputed territory. It is on the
British side of the Schomburgk line.
A British Guiana newspaper describes
this region, as far as it is known, and
expresses the hope that the final settle-
ment of the boundary controversy will
leave it well within British bounds.
Should there be another result, how-
ever, the newspaper says, the region
should be made an international park,
something on the plan of the Yellow-
stone park reservation.

The region is called by the Indians
"Roraima," but the several isolated
areas are known by distinctive names.
Each consists of what might be called
an isolated mountain, but is really a
tableland, comprising an area of 100 or
more square miles, elevated several
thousand feet above the surrounding
country. The rocky sides of the moun-
tains are as perpendicular as the Hind-
son river Palisades and entirely bare of
vegetation and have defied all attempts
to scale them. The level summits are
covered with trees and other vegetation,
and down the rocky sides fall a large
number of cascades of considerable size,
indicating the certain existence of riv-
ers and streams on the mysterious sum-
mits, and probably of lakes that feed
the rivers. The summits have been ob-
served with telescopes, and are known
to be as full of plant life as the tropic-
al plains below, but beyond this nothing
is known.

Because so little is known of the con-
dition of these tablelands occasion is
given for all manner of speculation as
to what exists there. That the vegeta-
tion is quite different from that on the
plains below the telescope shows, and
that it should be so is quite natural, as
the tablelands are 2,000 or more feet
higher than the plains. While the cli-
mate of the plains is tropical, that of
the tablelands must be temperate, not
only because of their elevation, but also
because of the free play the winds have
about them.

Of the geology of the region this ex-
planation is given: This part of South
America rose slowly from the sea,
through successive and remote ages. The
Roraima mountains were formed pre-
cisely as was the rest of the land, and
are not the result of volcanic action.
Hence they must have been above the
ocean long before the surrounding
plains appeared. They stood 2,000 feet
above the sea level when the neighbor-
ing mountain tops were but islands in
the ocean. In the course of a period,
difficult to appreciate, the adjacent val-
leys and plains appeared above the wa-
ter and became covered with vegetation
and animal life. But the isolated pla-
teaus of Roraima had a tremendous start
of the plains below. Here comes the al-
leged ground for the speculation that
perhaps on these mysterious summits
there exist flora and fauna unlike any
found elsewhere, forms of life that long
since disappeared from other parts of
the world, but remained the same on
these summits because unaffected by the
influences of communication with the
outer world. All sorts of wild guesses
have been hazarded regarding the exist-
ence of strange reptiles and animals
among the streams and forests of Ro-
raima.

The cascades falling from the sum-
mits are among the highest in the
world. One is 3,000 feet high, and is
broad enough to be visible 80 miles
away. It falls sheer, without a break.
The mountains from which these cas-
cades fall form the dividing watersheds
of the Amazon, the Orinoco and the
Essequibo, the three great rivers of
South America, and the waters of the
cascades flow some to one and some to
another of these rivers. It is argued
that to supply these waterfalls there
must be a considerable body of water
on the mountain plateaus, and it is nat-
ural to conclude that where there are
large bodies of water there are fish and
reptiles. The resulting conclusion that,
because these fish and reptiles must
have been isolated on the mountain
tops for ages they are likely to be dif-
ferent from any known species, is re-
garded as quite natural. The mountain
plateaus form practically little countries
by themselves like islands, but more
isolated because the ocean of air that
surrounds them does not afford the fa-
cilities for communication with other
islands that the waters of the ocean do.

One of these plateaus, known as Ku-
kenham, which is better situated for ob-
servation than any of the others, is es-
timated to have an area of 200 square
miles or more. The smallest, which
bears the name common to the group,
Roraima, is estimated to contain 80 to
140 square miles.

The story of this mysterious region is
not new, at least in British Guiana. It
is many years since any scientific men
were in the region, but chance travelers
and gold prospectors happen there at
odd times, and when they return to
Demerara they add their little store of
information and mystification to the
rest. Schomburgk pointed out the great
importance of the region to Great Brit-
ain, as it is the dividing watershed, but
the writer in the British Guiana news-
paper does not say whether the explor-
ing botanist had much to say about the
wonders and mysteries of the Roraima
region.—New York Sun.

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LOCAL NEWS.

Organize a Republican Club.
Give the church building fund a lift.
Sign the Jersey Farm road petition.
Frank Miner has started the rock crusher to grinding again.
J. L. Wood does a general carpentering and repairing business.
Mrs. Gussie Holston is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Sutherland.
Senator Healy is doing a lively business in coal, hay, grain and feed.
The Spring Valley Water Company is pushing work on the flume north of town.

Mrs. S. L. Atkins left on Thursday for a few days' visit among her friends at Hollister.

Mike Foley is as regular and punctual as a clock in delivering vegetables to his customers.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Crittenden have been paying a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Atkins.

C. L. Herbst has returned from his vacation and has resumed his duties at the Southern Pacific depot.

Mrs. Kate Hemburg has removed to San Francisco, where her son has employment with the Pacific Telephone Company.

The roads are getting into excellent condition for driving, and Rehberg has trains and rigs to please the most fastidious.

George R. Sneath bought 200 tons of oil cake for the Jersey Farm last week and will commence shipping the same within a few days.

Frank Miner is plowing his lots on Commercial avenue, and getting the ground ready for the residence he intends building soon.

Senator Healy is building a barn, 32x40 feet, at his residence on Linden avenue. J. L. Wood has charge of the work as builder.

Hermann Raube has been appointed night watchman for the Spring Valley Water Company at their works, near the Sierra Point House.

Mrs. John W. McKay, of Calico, San Bernardino county, is visiting her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James Horn, at the Linden House.

The sad intelligence of the death of the father of Miss Flora B. Smith was received on Saturday last. Miss Smith has the sincere sympathy of our people in her bereavement.

Ed Daniel is bound his customers shall have the best in the market and have it on time. His Green Valley meat market wagon rolls into town every morning at 6 o'clock.

A party of enthusiastic eastern people, headed by Messrs. Gary and Howell, of the Lux Mansion, serenaded Harry G. Jordan and his fair bride, at the residence of Major and Mrs. W. J. Martin, on Grand avenue, on Tuesday evening.

The Wallace brick works are nearing completion, and will be ready to commence the manufacture of bricks in ten days or two weeks. The yard, comprising about two acres of land, has been covered with a continuous shed, so that a little wet weather will not interfere with brick-making.

The total subscriptions to the new church building have reached the sum of \$1000. This is two-thirds of the amount required. The remainder should be subscribed without delay, that the work of building may be commenced. Subscriptions will be received at the Enterprise office in the Postoffice building.

This town needs a dog tax or a dog-killer to reduce its surplus of worthless curs. The week before last three persons were bitten by one of these brutes. There is another of these savage animals, which has twice attacked a lady on the street, and which its owner permits frequently to be at large, notwithstanding notice to keep it under restraint. There will be no further notice given in this case, and if the dangerous brute is found running loose, it will be killed on the same ground which justifies the shooting of a mad dog.

Roll of honor of the San Bruno school for the month ending May 8th, 1896: Grammar department—Emma Broner, Josie Miner, Mamie Todd, Katie Morgan, Amelia Le Monnier, Joe McGrath, Charlie Willin, Anna Zaro, Ethel Kofod, David Martin, Fred Willin, Lena Driesse, Leland Kofod, Marion Fitzgerald, Nellie Collins. Primary Department—Carolina Nessler, Louise Laohel, George Smith, Jennie O'Donnell, John Zarc, Kenneth McLennan, Gerald Fitzgerald, Adolph Le Monnier, Mary McDonald, Birdie McWilliams, Dora Le Monnier, Harry Harder, Sophie Zaro, Marion Miner.

REDWOOD CITY.

The following programme has been arranged for the occasion of the Woman Suffrage County Mass Meeting, which takes place in Redwood City at the Alhambra Theater on the afternoons and evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14th and 20th:

FIRST DAY—3 p. m.

1. Music, Audience.
2. Meeting opened with prayer by Rev. L. D. Rathbone.
3. Opening remarks by the Manager of Convention, Miss Harriet May Mills.
4. Music, Audience.
5. Address of Welcome, by Dr. Jordan.
6. Symposium on Woman's Emancipation—Ten Minute Papers: "Does the Wife and Mother Need the Ballot?" by Rev. Mrs. Withers. "Does the Business Woman Need the Ballot?" "Does the Professional Woman Need the Ballot?"

Synopsis—A. J. Thatcher.

7. Presenting Petition Work.

Adjournment.

8 P. M.

1. Music, Audience.
2. Prayer, Rev. O. M. Hester.
3. Music, Audience.
4. Introduction of Speaker, Judge Buck.
5. Address, Miss Elizabeth U. Yates, of Maine.
6. Solo, Miss Metzgar, Radcliff Hall, Belmont.
7. Closing Remarks by the Manager, Miss Harriet Mills.
8. Solo Mr. Wm. McDonald.

Adjournment.

SECOND DAY—3 p. m.

1. Music, Audience.
2. Prayer, Rev. Smith, Menlo Park.
3. Ten Minute Papers—"Does the Taxpayers Woman Need the Ballot?"—J. J. Bullock. "Does the State Need Woman's Ballot?"—Prof. E. A. Ross.
4. The Practical Work of the Campaign by the Manager, Miss Mills.
5. Organization of Local Society and of the County Campaign Committee.
6. Unfinished Business.

Adjournment.

8 P. M.

1. Music, Audience.
2. Prayer, Rev. Jones, San Mateo.
3. Music, Audience.
4. Introduction of Speaker, by Hon. T. G. Phelps.
5. Address, Rev. Anna Shaw.
6. Address, Rev. Mrs. H. Hanson.
7. Address, Rev. Mrs. H. Hanson.
8. Closing Remarks by the Manager, Miss Mills.

Adjournment.

EALY MORNING BLAZE.

Flames were discovered issuing from L. B. Twombly's house on Stambaugh street last Saturday morning at 2:30 by Nightwatchman Gunning. He at once rung in an alarm which was promptly responded to by the fire department. It took but a short time to put the fire under control but not before the building was nearly destroyed. It was insured for \$1,000. The building was insured in the Commercial Union, George W. Lovie, agent. The adjuster of the Company was down Wednesday and gave Mr. Twombly a check for \$464, which amount entirely covers Mr. Twombly's loss, and meets with his satisfaction. Mr. Lovie feels proud of his Company's promptness in settling up the loss. The house will be rebuilt. Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

PRESS NOTES.

GOOD ROADS.

The convention of California Supervisors at San Jose has adopted a resolution which calls upon the Legislature to pass "such laws as will enable Boards of Supervisors to divide roads into three classes—State highways, county thoroughfares and district roads—the State to build and maintain the first, the county to do likewise for its own roads by a tax on all property in the county and the districts to do their work by a tax on the property in the districts."

A law somewhat similar in details to the one thus proposed and outlined has already shown good results in Connecticut. The statute there provides that the State shall pay one-third the cost of a new road, the county one-third and the town one-third—no town to expend more than \$3000 in one year under the act and the State not to spend in one year more than \$75,000 altogether. So far, thirty good roads have been completed, of which thirteen have been accepted by the Road Commissioners. Nearly one-half the Connecticut towns have signified a purpose to avail themselves of the privileges of the law. The roads are to be macadamized or subjected to the telford or other stone process, and must be firm, smooth and convenient for travel at all seasons of the year.

State aid laws prevail in Massachusetts, where \$400,000 are annually appropriated for road improvement; in New Jersey, where \$150,000 are available, and in several Southern States where convict labor is used upon construction. New York has a law by which taxes are annually "worked out" upon the country roads by residents of districts, each district being very small—a mere "neighborhood," as the phrase goes—and subject to the control of overseers appointed by the town supervisor. Good roads have not generally resulted from this system, and as a result the Empire State has set about to devise a general law for highway improvement, a reform which it is the better able to set on foot from the fact that the State is out of debt and is very lightly taxed.

It should be said that while the good roads issue has been brought to the front by wheelmen, the benefits to be derived from broad, firm, smooth highways is one which has a very practical side to farmers. With ordinary dirt roads to depend upon the average cost of taking produce to market in New York is \$1.56 per ton for six miles, the average haul, or 26 cents per ton per mile, while the estimate per ton per mile on a good macadam road is but 7 cents. The tax on the farmer is very nearly four times more for maintaining poor roads than good ones. The loss in the aggregate has been picturesquely stated by the chairman of one of the committees of the League of American Wheelmen, who took a rainy interval in the country for his text: "While it rains," he said, "the movement of crops to market practically ceases. Think of what that means in a country as large as the United States. Sixteen million horses and mules idle in the stables; \$4,000,000 a day for horse feed; \$28,000,

000 a week. Think of the loss of time and labor, the dwarfed and shrunken values of our farms, of the slack supply and good prices when the roads are impassable. Think of the farmers that rush to town and glut the market in the first days of dry weather, and think of the paltry prices they get when everybody is trying to sell to an overstocked market." That California is coming into line with Eastern and Southern States in the matter of highway improvement is an agreeable circumstance, for in this State of mountains and magnificent cross-distances the wagon road will be likely to hold its own against the railroad for a great many years as the main avenue of inter-communication. On this account it ought to be as good a road as the taxpayers can afford to build. We are not certain that the plan of the San Jose Convention will not need a constitutional amendment to make it effective, but even that relief ought to be attainable to so desirable an end.—S. F. Chronicle.

COUNTRY ROADS.

No subject that can be considered by the Convention of Supervisors now in session at San Jose approaches in importance that of recommending laws which will produce good roads in California. If the convention should devote its entire time to that subject it could not more profitably expend it. All the members of the body, except those possibly from city districts, know what is wanted by the people in the shape of roads, and if, through the advice of the State Board of Public Highways, they can reach some conclusion which will give us a uniform system of road building, the date of their convention will be long remembered.

At present millions are squandered annually in this State upon its roads. Intelligence in constructing them seems to have long since been abandoned. The average country road, especially in summer, is a delusion and an inconvenience, even if it is not always a positive disgrace to the Supervisors responsible for it. There is no question that if the money which is spent every year in making roads passable were expended in pursuance of some organized plan, in a very short time the State would have the best highways in the country. The damage that might be inflicted upon them by the elements when they are properly built would be infinitesimal, and roads in California could be maintained at about half the expense necessary in other States where the seasons are more unruly.

Country highways are the arteries of the State. It is through them the blood circulates and the commonwealth is kept alive. They concern intimately the happiness of every citizen, and there is no excuse for having them at any time impassable. To squander public money in building or repairing them according to the whims of every politician who may be temporarily in charge of each county's public work is little less than a scandal. If the Supervisors' Convention will devise a bill to bring intelligence and uniformity into this business no doubt everybody will support it.—S. F. Evening Post.

A DANGEROUS NUISANCE.

The Baden (San Mateo County) Enterprise calls attention to a condition of affairs that should give grave concern to the San Francisco Board of Health. Through the intelligent and energetic efforts of this body, the city for some time has been undergoing a thorough overhauling, and many exceedingly valuable reforms have been instituted. But it cannot operate beyond its jurisdiction. According to the Baden contemporary, some of the dangerous nuisances which have been suppressed in San Francisco have been moved across the line into San Mateo county, where they are beyond the reach of the San Francisco authorities. "These concerns," says the Enterprise, "pick up worthless animals, at the trifling cost of a dollar or two per head, and, in many instances, without cost, which they slaughter, selling such portions of the flesh as they find a market for to chicken and hog ranches, the bones to bone-dealers, the remainder being manufactured into fertilizers, which have a commercial value and find ready sale."

Our contemporary does not intimate that any of this flesh is offered for sale in the markets of San Francisco for human consumption, as that would be unlikely in view of the stringent market inspection in vogue here. Still the mere fact that such meat is for sale creates a danger which even the most painstaking inspection might find it impossible to suppress. Aside from that, however, our exchange shows that the business is specially conducive to the dissemination of infectious diseases among animals fed with this flesh. The assumption is perfectly rational. Of course, San Francisco is the market for this entire product. It is next to impossible to establish a system of inspection that shall protect the people from the danger which this business represents.

The only remedy open is to secure the co-operation of the San Mateo Board of Supervisors. The Enterprise asserts that the proprietor of one of these establishments has applied to that body for the contract to remove all the animals found dead on the highways of that county. As the factory is situated in the extreme northern end of the county it will be impossible to remove dead animals throughout the county before putrefaction has made them noxious. It is difficult to imagine the Supervisors granting any such contract; but that should not prevent our health officers from taking prompt steps in the premises. Such a contract would legalize a dangerous industry and San Francisco would be the main sufferer.—S. F. Call.

It is refreshing to wade through that go-ahead publication, the Baden Enterprise. In its last issue the editor has published a complete statistical report in tabular form of the county's affairs, presented by its various officers at the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors. It is clear, concise, and whilst abbreviated, contains a very full report of the Board's proceedings. This, together with columns of spily local, State and National news to say nothing of its well selected and appropriate editorials, stamps the Enterprise, as by far the best paper published in San Mateo county. Being the leading journal of that section it should, and undoubtedly will be, under its able management, the official organ of that county. We bespeak much prosperity for the Enterprise.—S. F. Live Stock and Butchers' Gazette.

The Cat in Several Languages.

The cat is called a kat in Danish and Dutch, katt in Swedish, chat in France and the most of its dependencies, katti or katze in German, catus in Latin, gatto in Italian, gato in Portuguese and Spanish, kot in Polish, kots in Russian, koti in Turkish, cath in Welsh, kath in Cornish, catna in Basque and gaz or katz in Armenian. Mr. Harrison, the great English authority on cats, says that there are not a dozen languages or dialects known that spell the word cat without beginning with the letter c, k or g. The native Australians and those of Mexico had no words for the name of domestic felines.—St. Louis Republic.

He Was Sold.

Lord Brassey, the governor general of Victoria, was recently riding in one of the Melbourne parks, and having lost his way he made inquiries of a stalwart Irish policeman. The Melbourne police are free and easy in their manners, and the officer replied by laying his hand on the governor's shoulder and pointing to a distant gate. "Yes, old man," he said, "that's the way out, and be d—d sharp out of it or you'll be getting yourself into trouble."

New Soles For Shoes.

The latest thing in the line of soles for shoes—the invention, probably, of a health crank—is made of asbestos wool pressed into thin sheets by hydraulic pressure. It is used for the middle soles of boots.

The asbestos sheets are rendered waterproof on one side by the application of a special solution. It is claimed that this combination of nonconducting and waterproof material is equal protection from heat, cold or moisture.

Frank Yoder, a grocer in Hazleton, Pa., while opening oysters the other day found a young alligator in one. It was alive and frisky, and the only deformity was the absence of its hind legs. Mr. Yoder will send the reptile to the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Press.

Notice of Change of Location of Inclosure for Impounded Animals at South San Francisco, in Pound District, No. 1, of San Mateo County, State of California

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE location of the Inclosure for Impounded Animals, at South San Francisco, in Pound District, No. 1, of San Mateo County, State of California, is hereby changed from the Inclosure at the Stock Yard of the Western Meat Company, to the Inclosure at the corner of Grand and Maple Avenues in said town of South San Francisco, and said Inclosure at said corner of Grand and Maple Avenues is hereby appointed as the Inclosure for Impounded Animals at said town of South San Francisco.

JASON WIGIT, Pound-keeper of Pound District, No. 1, of San Mateo County, State of California, under By A. WILKIE, Deputy Pound Keeper.

In the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

YERRA BUENA MUTUAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, Plaintiff.

VS. GEORGE W. HANSBROUGH, ELMA HANSBROUGH, JOHN W. HANSBROUGH, LINA FRANKO, MARK BRADLEY, A. N. FESSENDEN, JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA send greeting to George W. Hansbrough, Elma Hansbrough, John W. Hansbrough, Lina Franko, Mark Bradley, A. N. Fessenden, John Doe and Richard Roe, defendants. You are hereby required, to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty (30) days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage described in the complaint, and executed by the said George W. Hansbrough, defendant, on the 31st day of March, 1893, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for Ninety-four hundred and twenty-four dollars, with interest at seven (7) per cent per annum, said mortgage being upon and covering the following described property, to-wit: Lot number one (1) in block number one hundred and thirty-eight (138), and lot number seventeen (17) in block number one hundred, and twenty-four (24) as per map filed in the County Recorder's office of the County of San Mateo, State of California, on March 1st, 1892, entitled "Plat number one of South San Francisco, San Mateo County, Cal., and for the sum of Nine Thousand Seven Hundred Sixty (\$9,706.00) dollars alleged to be due upon said mortgage, with interest upon said amount at the rate of seven (7) per cent per annum from the 8th day of February, 1896, and for costs of suit, and for Seven Hundred (\$700.00) dollars as attorney's fee for foreclosure of said mortgage, and that the usual decree may be made for the sale of said premises by the Sheriff of said county of San Mateo, and that the proceeds of such sale may be applied in payment of the amount alleged to be due the plaintiff; and that said defendant, and all persons claiming under them or either or any of them, subsequent to the execution of the said mortgage, which said mortgage is alleged to have been executed on said premises, and encumbrances or otherwise, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, claim or equity of redemption in the all right, claim or equity of redemption, and that the said plaintiff may have judgment and execution against the said defendant, George W. Hansbrough, for any deficiency which may remain after applying all the proceeds of the sale of said premises properly applicable to the satisfaction of said judgment, all of which more fully appears by the complaint on file herein, a copy of which is annexed hereto and herewith served upon you.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint. Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the County of San Mateo, State of California, this 29th day of February, 1896.

J. F. JOHNSTON, Clerk.

By H. W. SCHAEFER, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK H. LUNNE and PERCY V. LONG, Attys for Plaintiff, Room 3, 8th Floor, Mills Building, San Francisco.

Recounts of the results of the recent election in Monterey have revealed glaring frauds, and every effort will be made to expose the guilty parties and punish them. The Grand Jury will take the matter up on June 1. City Clerk Duckworth subscribes \$800 toward a fund for the prosecution of the instigators of the frauds. The scope of the proposed inquiry will be as wide as possible, and will embrace everything connected with the campaign and election proper, as well as all subsequent movements of those who may have had part in the matter.

MARKET REPORT.

The demand for live stock of all kind is good, but prices are easier, on account of being offered freely.

Hogs are in fair demand, at easier prices, and are being offered for less money by country shippers.

Provisions and Lard are in more demand, and selling at easy prices.

LIVESTOCK.—The quoted prices are \$ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers, \$ lb, 5½¢@6½¢; 2nd quality, 5¢@5½¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 4½¢@5¢; second quality, 4¢@4½¢.

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under, 3½¢@3¾¢; over 250 lbs 3¼¢@3½¢.

Sheep—Wethers, unshorn, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2¼¢@2½¢; Ewes, 2¼¢@2½¢; Wethers, shorn, 2¼¢@2½¢; Ewes, shorn, 2¼¢@2½¢.

Lambs—1½¢@1.75 per head, or 2¼¢@3¢ gross, weighed alive.

Calves—Under 150 lbs, alive, gross weight, 3¼¢@3½¢; over 150 lbs 3¼¢@3½¢.

FRESH MEAT.—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses: Beef—First quality steers, 5½¢@6¢; second quality, 4½¢@5¢; third quality, 4¢@4½¢.

First quality cows and heifers, 4½¢@5¢; second quality, 3½¢@4¢; third quality, 3¼¢@3½¢.

Veal—Large, 5¢@6¢; small, 6¢@7¢.

Mutton—Wethers, 5½¢; ewes, 5¢; Lambs, 5½¢@6¢.

Dressed Hogs—6¢@6½¢.

PROVISIONS.—California hams, 9¢@10¢ picnic hams, choice, 6¢@6½¢.

Bacon—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 12¢; heavy S. C. bacon, 10½¢; med. bacon, clear, 6¢; L. med. bacon, clear, 7¢; light, dry salt bacon, 9½¢; ex. light dry salt bacon, 10½¢.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$10.50; do, lb, 16¢; \$7.75; Extra Mess, bbl, \$8.00; do, lb, 16¢; \$4.25; Smoked, \$ lb, 11¢.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6½¢; do, light, 7¢; do, Bellies, 9¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$14.00; lb-bbls, \$7.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, lb-bbls, \$4.50; do, kits, \$1.25.

Lard—Tins are \$ lb: Compound 5¼¢ 6 6 6¼ 6½ 6¾ 7 7¼ Cal. pure 6¼ 6½ 6¾ 6¾ 7 7¼

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1.80; 1s \$1.00; Roast Beef, 2s \$1.80; 1s, \$1.00; Lunch Beef, 2s, \$1.90; 1s, \$1.10.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Notice of Appointment of Inclosures for the Detention of Animals Impounded in First Pound District of San Mateo County, State of California.

I HEREBY APPOINT THE FOLLOWING as the Inclosures wherein shall be detained all animals impounded in First Pound District of San Mateo County, State of California, under the provisions of Ordinance, No. 76, of said county.

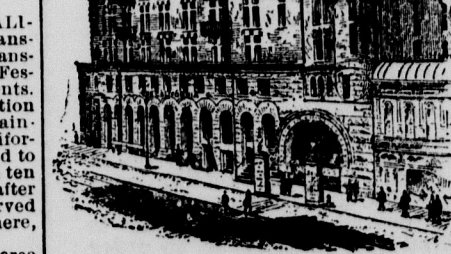
1. GOLMA.—At the residence of Jason Wright, 2. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.—At the Stock Yards of the Western Meat Company.

JASON WRIGHT, Poundkeeper First Pound District of San Mateo County, California.

Dated, April 28, A. D., 1896.

THE CALIFORNIA

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States.

Strictly First-Class

European Plan

Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'HOTE.

Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. \$1.00

Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75 cts.

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

F. W. KOESTER,

Barber Shop.

UNION HOTEL,

South San Francisco.

MONTGOMERY BAGGS Insurance Agent

Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.

Special facilities for placing large lines on all classes of insurable property. Property specially rated. Correspondence solicited.

OFFICE:

132 California St., San Francisco.

GREEN VALLEY MEAT MARKET.

G. E. DANIEL.

Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

SAN BRUNO AVE., - NEAR GRAND.

J. L. WOOD, Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD

MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

THE . COURT.

CHOICEST

Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to F. O.

ARMOUR HOTEL

HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.

With all the luxuries and pleasures of this life, its big enjoyments and its smaller comforts, there is an effect or antithesis which we have to contend with in the form of aches and pains. In some way and by some means every one has a touch of them in some form at some time. Trifling as some of them may be, the risk is that they will grow to something greater and rack the system with constant torture. There is nothing, therefore, of this kind that we have a right to trifle with. Taken in time, the worst forms of aches and pains are easily subdued and permanently cured by the free use of St. Jacobs Oil. No well regulated household ought to be without a bottle of this great remedy for pain. One good reason for this is that some kinds of sudden pain are acute enough to be fatal, where the application of the great cure might save life. You want it also in the house at all times for hurts, cuts and wounds, and the house that always has it keeps up a sort of insurance against pain.

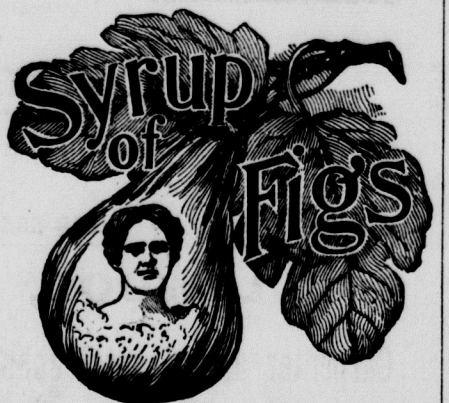
Brown.—You shouldn't let little things worry you. Jones.—You would if the little things were twins.

Tea Garden Drops is Best Fumar Syrup for table use ever offered to the public. Makes delicious fatty candy. First-class dealers sell it.

I believe my prompt use of Paine's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after one first day's use. Mailed free. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Try Germea for Breakfast.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. Afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

And you actually aver that you learned to ride a wheel without once swearing? "Yes, I felt too near an awful death to dare to profane."

OFFICE OF
BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY,
DURHAM, N. C.

To ALL
Merchants
Who Retail
TOBACCO.

Dear Sir:

You are entitled to receive
FREE from your wholesale dealer,
WHITE STAR SOAP with all
the

Blackwell's Genuine
Durham Smoking
Tobacco you buy. One bar
of soap free with each pound,
whether 16 oz., 8 oz., 4 oz., or
2 oz., packages.

We have notified every whole-
sale dealer in the United States
that we will supply them with soap
to give you FREE. Order a good
supply of GENUINE DURHAM at
once, and insist on getting your
soap. One bar of soap FREE with
each pound you buy. Soap is
offered for a limited time, so order
to-day. Yours very truly,

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM
TOBACCO COMPANY.

If you have any difficulty in procuring your
soap, cut out this notice and send it with
your order to your wholesale dealer.

Real Cocoa

The test of 115 years proves
the purity of Walter Baker &
Co.'s Cocoa and Chocolate.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, Dorchester, Mass.

ARCTIC OIL WORKS

MANUFACTURERS OF

ILLUMINATING AND LUBRICATING OILS

WHITE LIGHT OLENA,
SNOW FLAKE,
HEADLIGHT,

CYLINDER OILS
ENGINE OILS
CAR OILS

Office: 30 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Too Much Adulation.

The Italians are about to erect a monument to Donizetti, their famous composer who wrote sixty-five operas. The monument will be raised at Bergamo, where he was born in 1797. Donizetti's life was an example of the evil effect of too much adulation.

He was so completely spoiled by praise that he could not endure anything that detracted from the full effect of his compositions, and his health was undermined and his life shortened by the nervous effect of paroxysms of rage at unsatisfactory performances of his work.

When Donizetti gave public performances or conducted productions of his works at some of the Italian cities, he was often met by processions of young girls scattering flowers in his path; and one admirer caused him to play the piano on certain occasions in a room completely carpeted with roses plucked from their stems.

It is no wonder that he grew to think that no one in the world was so much consequence as he. Occasionally it was possible for the public to sympathize with his insistence on his rank as a master of his art.

He once gave a performance on the piano before the Czar. As he was playing, the Czar began to talk with one of the people who accompanied him. Thereupon Donizetti stopped playing abruptly and left the piano. Presently the Emperor approached him and said:

"Why did you cease playing?"

"Because, sire," answered the Italian, "when the Czar speaks, all the rest of the world should be silent."

There was nothing to be said in rejoinder to this Machiavellian response, and the Emperor had to accept his rebuke.

To Prevent Hydrophobia.

A correspondent writes that about six years ago he saw an item in a newspaper stating that a German physician was going to die, and he wished to make known the discovery he had made in relation to the treatment of a mad dog bite. The prescription he never knew to fail, and he had tried it many times with men, cattle and horses. It is this: Simply wash the wound as soon as possible in a little warm vinegar and water, and put a few drops of muriatic acid into the wound. This will neutralize the poison and prevent the disease which usually proves fatal.—Boston Journal.

Misdirected Energy.

"A man that am allus lookin foh er argment," said Uncle Eben, "am in frequent cases de man dat order be lookin foh work."—Washington Star.

The carthame flower has for thousands of years been used to dye fabrics of a yellow color. The mummy cloths found in Egyptian coffins are dyed yellow with this flower.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

Remarkable Weather Phenomena Happening in These Days.

A curious phenomenon occurred at Hartford the other night, resulting from a high wind and a slight fall of moist snow on an icy surface. The wind caught the snow and rolled it up into thousands of snowballs. Hundreds of balls were whirled up and sent rolling along, gathering snow at each turn and each leaving its marked trail behind. The wide slope of land surrounding Trinity college was one field of rolling snowballs. Dr. Samuel Hart thus describes the phenomenon:

"The rotary wind flaw catches the snow and rolls it up like a muf in cylindrical form. Most that I saw were about eight inches wide and eight inches in diameter, hollowed at the two ends. They are in effect isosceles triangles of snow rolled up on the vertex."

The same phenomenon occurred about 12 years ago. Some of the wind made snowballs were as large as half barrels.

Chicago was visited by a most singular meteorological phenomenon a few nights since. Black snow, yellow snow and brown snow fell in blinding clouds over the entire city, and reports from suburban towns brought the news that the varicolored storm was not an exclusive Chicago production.

The chief of the weather bureau at Washington says:

"The black snow that has lately fallen in Chicago and the northwest is similar to the great fall of January, 1895, the nature of which was thoroughly investigated by the weather bureau at that time. Notwithstanding the theoretical suggestion that the black deposit on last January might have come from beyond the earth and might be meteoric or cometic, or might even be the volcanic dust from Alaska or Japan, careful investigation showed that it was due to none of these causes."

"On the contrary, microscopic examination proved that the black deposit contained about 4 per cent of the most delicate organic structures (such as diatoms and spores) and about 96 per cent of the finest possible inorganic matter, such as makes up the ordinary fine silt and clay soils. All this fine material is easily caught up by the dry winds whenever they exceed 20 miles per hour and is carried to great distances before it settles on the ground. It is easily brought down in large quantities by snow or rain, but is only perceived by the ordinary observer where there is a clean surface of snow for it to fall upon. Large portions of country from Nebraska southward to the gulf are covered by this fine soil, whose depth sometimes is 100 feet. A gale of wind has been known to carry away six inches of the surface soil from a freshly cultivated field and spread it over the land 100 miles away. The blackness is due to the fineness of the silt and not to any magnetic iron."—New York Sun.

Dark snow fell in many localities in Indiana recently. It varied in color from brown to jet black.

A remarkable atmospheric phenomenon occurred early the other morning over the ocean near Cape May. The frosty air there was filled for some 20 feet deep with ice crystals, the frozen evaporation of the warmer water of the sea. All the fleecy, flaky characteristics of drifting snow were present. On this bank the shipping of the offing seemed to glide in and out of the bay like figures on a mimic stage.

The sun had ascended some 30 degrees above the horizon before the novel sight disappeared by the melting of this attenuated snow bank. Seamen note such occurrences in the gulf stream, where the warm water of the ocean is evaporated and frozen near its surface on frosty mornings when the air is still.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed at Chicago the other night for which the United States signal service can offer no solution or reason. It was a dust storm which prevailed until far in the night in the midst of a snow-storm. Everything touched was besmeared with a dark brown substance, which was clearly dirt of some sort, but just what no one was able to say.

This dust storm began about 20 minutes to 7 o'clock and was at first rather violent, the wind being strong, but after an hour or so subsided somewhat. Reports from southern Wisconsin, eastern Iowa and western Indiana show that the storm also prevailed there.

In some of the places where the storm prevailed the brown dust covered the snow to the depth of an eighth of an inch.—New York Herald.

The last few days, whenever snow has fallen in Salt Lake City, a white sediment has been left wherever the snow touched. There has been much speculation as to the actual cause; the local scientists have been and are now divided upon that point. There are those who insist that the sediment was taken up from the bottom of Great Salt Lake. There are others who believe the deposit is sulphate of soda, which is thrown up on the shores of Great Salt Lake during the winter by the action of the cold weather on the briny waters. Be that as it may, the houses facing north, the street car windows and every piece of glass exposed has become incrustated. Pedestrians who happened to be out in the storm did not notice anything out of the way until their clothing dried, when it was discerned that the apparel was liberally sprinkled with what appeared to be salt. The deposit is of a saline nature. That was discovered by the application of the tongue.

It is a phenomenon that frequently occurs in Salt Lake City, and especially during the winter season, but a good deal of work was necessary to remove the stains left on the windows. There has not been a snowstorm within the last ten days when the deposit of the sediment has not occurred. The savants are still guessing.—Chicago Chronicle.

Ohio Women.

There must be any number of bright women in Ohio. In four publications from that state in one week there were creditable poems by Johnstone Murray, Elizabeth Cherry Haire, Corella Bond, Gabrielle Stewart, Mary Wevill, Edna Heald, Anna S. Roberts and Mrs. Warner Snood. The State Federation of Women's Clubs and Societies is growing continuously and has almost reached the hundred mark. The 29 colleges and universities of the state, all of which practice coeducation, are more largely attended than ever before, the number of women varying from one-fourth to one-half of the total attendance. This year Oberlin has over 1,400 students; Mount Union, 550; Ohio State university, 900, and Ohio Wesleyan, 1,150, while the remainder average 400 each. Fifty art, technical, industrial and professional schools are equally successful.

GREAT NEGRO UNIVERSITY.

Older Educational Institutions Will Be Combined by Statute.

A great university for colored men and women is to be established at Richmond. A bill to incorporate it was introduced in the legislature recently. The Richmond Theological seminary and Hartshorn college of Richmond and the Colored seminary at Lynchburg will all be combined, and the school will be known as the Union University of Virginia.

A fine suburban tract of land has been purchased for the site. The three properties mentioned will be sold, and what other money is needed has nearly all been subscribed.

The Rev. Dr. C. H. Corey and the Rev. Dr. W. W. Landrum are at the head of the movement.

The Politician's Reply.

What is "reform?" Oh, foolish lad! And have you thus let pass Your chance for knowledge which brings joy? Such are the times, alas! But since all tardily you ask For wisdom's kindly light, You come to one who finds the task Pleasant and easy quite. "Reform" is a great moral throb Whose cause we scarce can trace, Which makes some big man lose his job And puts me in his place. —Washington Star.

A TRINITY OF EVILS.

Biliousness, sick headache and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. To the removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted. It also cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial complaints, biliousness, nervousness and constipation. The most satisfactory results follow a fair trial. Use it daily.

Mrs. Hatterson—How did you teach your boy not to go in swimming? Mrs. Catterson—Easy enough. Every time I caught him at it I gave him a bath.

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism.

Made

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

"Save My Child!" is the cry of many an agonized mother whose little one

writhes in croup or whooping cough. In such cases, Dr. Acker's English Remedy proves a blessing and a godsend. Mrs. M. A. Burke, of 309 E. 105th St., New York, writes: "Dr. Acker's English Remedy cured my baby of bronchitis, and also gave instant relief in a severe case of croup. I gratefully recommend it."

Three sizes, 25c.; 50c.; \$1. All Druggists. ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething. For sale by all Druggists. 25 cents a bottle.

SURE CURE FOR PILES. Itching and Smarting, bleeding or protruding Piles cured at once by Dr. SO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops itching, cures hemorrhoids, a painful cure. Under seal of Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. HO-SAN-KO, Phila., Pa.

ANOTHER CAREFUL FAMILY.

Mr. Miller Considers Paine's Celery Compound a National Blessing.



There is no spring remedy equal to Paine's celery compound.

Sufferers from debility who find their convalescence too slow, are joyously surprised by the brisk impetus toward recovery that comes from Paine's celery compound. Its healing, nerve-restoring, blood-making, nourishing powers go so directly to the root of the trouble that the progress toward health and strength is steady and uninterrupted. No relapses come when Paine's celery compound has once fairly begun its healthful action. With a stronger appetite, sounder sleep, and better digestion (results that every one has experienced who has taken Paine's celery compound), the weak and sore kidneys and the tired stomach cease to trouble, and the nerves allow one to work untroubled by day and to sleep by night without disturbance. This is what physicians mean when they say that Paine's celery compound cures nervous diseases permanently. For disordered liver, and for all blood diseases, physicians use this great formula

of Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M.D., L.L.D., of Dartmouth college—Paine's celery compound. It has lifted thousands from beds of sickness. It does what nothing else ever did for the sleepless, the dyspeptic, and the despondent—it cures them once and for all. Here is a testimonial from Mr. E. A. Miller of Columbus, O., accompanying the photograph of his family.

"For two years past I have been a constant sufferer with severe nervous headaches, oft-times being compelled to go to bed, when my business necessitated my personal attention. Last week my physician recommended Paine's celery compound. I have taken now four bottles, and have not suffered with headache since. This government, in my mind, should pay the discoverer of Paine's celery compound a sum of money sufficient to keep him and all his relatives in luxury during their natural life."

Mr. Miller is the son of Dr. J. D. Miller. His wife is the granddaughter of the late Gov. Lucas of Ohio. Mr. Miller's praise of Paine's celery compound is equalled by that of thousands of others who owe their health and strength to this greatest of all remedies.

AGENTS WANTED ELDERIDGE AND BELVIDERE Bicycles, Durham, Carriage & Haydon Co., San Francisco, Cal. Send for Catalogue.

HOTEL FAIRMOUNT, BEN F. TRUE, Prop. Family Hotel, Newly Furnished. S. F. \$1.50 per day. Special Rates, month or week.

Aydelotte's Business College, Oakland, Cal. Send for Circular and Specimens.

BICYCLES The Shirk and Heffner. Strictly High Grade. Agents Wanted. Howe Scale Co., 12 and 14 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

RELAY Bicycles are models of perfection. Secure Agency. Catalogues on application. Robert & Saunders, 201 Larkin St., S. F.

McGUNE CYCLES. For Strength, Durability & Speed. Send for catalogue. Armes & Dallam, Coast Agents, 232 Front St., S. F.

WHITE Washing Tree Spraying Machines. From \$3 to \$50. Agents wanted for New Line of Telephones. Catalogue, 7 Spear St., San Francisco.

Oakland Business College and School of Short-hand, 8th & Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Send for the College Journal. Address O. J. Willis, Principal.

AYRES' The Leading College. Individual instruction in shorthand, typewriting, book-keeping, etc., 325 Montgomery St., S. F. Send for Cat.

BICYCLES Sold on Installments, \$20—balance eight months, I. J. Truman & Co., San Francisco.

SHOW CASES, Dixon-Borgeson Co. Send for Catalogue, 37 Market St., San Francisco.

THE WONDER NOVELTIES in Millinery. Large Stock—Low Prices, 1026 Market St., San Francisco.

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KODAK AGENCY H. B. Hooper. Carries a full line of Photographic Goods. Developing & Printing a specialty. 405 Market St., S. F.

Attend Stehl's BEST and most economical Market St., San Francisco. Write for "Free Book."

MORPHINE HABIT. DR. J. C. ANTHONY, 68 Chronicle B'g, S. F., will FURNISH HOME TREATMENT of "Soterial" at \$5 to the first 100 who apply. All correspondence strictly confidential. "Soterial" has never failed to cure the habit.

THE only "home and family" Magazine on the Pacific Coast. Fifty cents included. Premiums worth 50 cts. Send for sample copy to 1125-1127 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., or 422 Byrue Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

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ACTINA THE GREAT EYE-RESTORER Its Use Will Cure BRONCHITIS, Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Croup, Lung and Catarrh. ACTINA CURE. Particulars and Testimonials Sent FREE. Write to F. F. FINLAY, 913 Post St., San Francisco.

ROWELL'S FIRE OF LIFE An unfailing Cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago and Acute Nervous Diseases. For sale by all Druggists. \$1 per Bottle. BURNETT & CO., 327 MONTGOMERY ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

S. F. N. U. No. 726. New Series No. 21

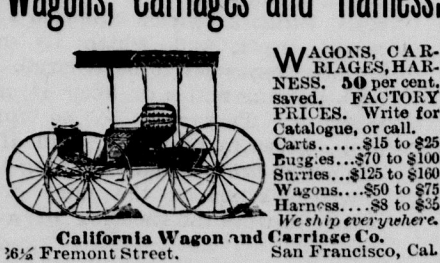
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Wagons, Carriages and Harness.



WAGONS, CARRIAGES, HARNESS. 50 per cent saved. FACTORY PRICES. Write for Catalogue, or call. Cards, \$15 to \$25. Wagons, \$70 to \$100. Saddles, \$125 to \$180. Harness, \$80 to \$125. We ship everywhere.

California Wagon and Carriage Co. 78 1/2 Fremont Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE.

CALIFORNIA MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK OF "Just Don't Feel Well." DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to use.

Only One for a Dose. Sold by druggists at 25c. a box. Samples Free. Address the Dr. F. F. FINLAY, 913 Post St., Phila., Pa.

"Just as Good" never yet equalled the

S. H. & M. REGISTERED TRADE MARK. BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING.

Simply refuse the "just as good" sort.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free. "Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings sent for 25c. postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use before bed. Sold by druggists.

JACK'S TRUE YARNS.

THE OLD NORTH WOODS GUIDE TELLS TWO GOOD STORIES.

How He Captured a Bear With No Weapon but His Boot Toes—He Was Once Saved From Freezing by a Bottle of Kerosene and Some Matches.

Jack Ormiston is still alive to tell some of the most wonderful tales that are heard in the Adirondacks. Jack has been a guide for some 30 years, ever since he has been big enough to carry a pack basket. He is tall and loose jointed, and his muscles are as hard as hickory knots. His black grizzled beard covers nearly all of his broad face. A pair of small, blinking black eyes do most of his talking for him, but when he is properly aroused he can spin a tale at the camp fire that will startle the screech owls and frighten the wailing loons down on the lake shore.

"Yer've heard some of the fellers say, hain't yer, how I kotched that old bear last fall?" asked Jack.

We assured him that we never had, and it was strictly true, because he had told us a dozen or more times himself.

"Waal, yer must know where Tully pond is," continued Jack. "Blessed if I don't kotch a bear mighty queer there last fall. Jim Hodge give me a lift on the job, I must say, but that ain't the point. Fact is, the great point wuz the toe end of these boots. I wuz comin down this way along the trail when I heard a rustling overhead in a tall pine. Golly, when I looked up, kinder quick, sideways, fer I feerd somethin wuz goin ter drop, I see a mighty big bear comin along one of the limbs toward the trunk.

"He started ter come down the trunk back end first, winkin at me. My gun wuz over at camp. I didn't have a thing with me, and Jim wuz half a mile back on the trail. That bear I could see had a mighty fine hide that would bring me somethin like \$30, with the bounty. I didn't care ter have him run away, nor did I want ter shake hands with him and pass the time of day with him till Jim come along and put him asleep with a bullet. I didn't make up my mind none too soon. The bear warn't half way down the tree when I rushed at him, not knowin what I would do ter own that hide and capture the bounty. I looked around fer a club, but none come in sight, so when I got ter the foot of the tree there warn't nothin but one thing ter do. I just hauled off and kicked that bear.

"It wuz the first experimentin of the kind I ever heard of, and by gosh it beat anything I ever see. The bear clawed hard into the bark and snapped at me. He was easin up a bit with his nails when I swung him another and another. I yelled fer Jim and swung again. I yelled six times, kickin between every yell. Then Jim answered, and I kept up yellin and kickin, first with one boot and then the other. The bear didn't drop an inch. Just as he eased up a little bit I swung again. Gosh! It seemed as if Jim wuz takin his time comin along that trail. Just as I swung the forty-ninth kick Jim come in sight. I dropped flat on my back. Jim popped one into the bear, and it flopped over on ter me. Jim wuz the most surprised man yer ever see. It wuz two hours before I could prove ter him that I wuz tellin the truth about that bear."

Then Jack piled another log on the fire and started in on a new tale.

"This spring I come near bein done fer," he said. "Kerosene kept me in pickle long enough ter get near a fire, and then I wuz all right again."

We wanted to know if kerosene oil wasn't a new beverage for him.

"No, I didn't drink none," he continued. "I started ter cross Brandy brook on a log. I wanted ter cut off a three mile walk around by the trail. The water wuz high, and there wuz a strong current runnin out into the lake. This log wuz about a foot and a half through. I rolled it off with the stream. I tucked my breeches in my boots and straddled the log. I hadn't kicked a dozen strokes before I got out into the swift water, and then I could see I wuz in fer it. I kicked ter back up again ter the shore, but it wuz no use, so I let it go. It came on dark, and my feet began ter freeze. My old boots had been well greased, but the water dripped in at the tops and soaked my stockin's. I tried kickin harder ter keep my blood stirred up. I drifted over toward Bear mountain, and knew that if the wind kept up I would land somewhere before midnight. Just as I wuz gettin almighty froze I thought of a bottle of kerosene I had to oil my gun. Yer can bet I wuz wishin it wuz somethin more cheerin than kerosene oil. A little alkali and sugar at that time would er slipped down into them boots from the inside and melted them frozen toes, but there warn't nuthin but kerosene. I poured it half and half into each boot, and I know it helped ter make me easy fer a time. But by and by it seemed ter me the oil must be freezin too. It wuz lucky I had my old match-box along in my vest pocket, high and dry, fer then the idea struck me that if I lit a match and sent it down into the oil it would warm things up some. There warn't no more else ter do er think about. I wuz makin fer Bear Mountain island slow, but steady. If I didn't get there till midnight, my feet would both be froze off, so I made up my mind ter try the matches. Lucky fer me my boots had wide tops so I could send the lit match right down ter the bottom where it 'ud do the most good. Well, sir, the first match in the right boot did the trick fine. It took fire and thawed things out quicker'n I thought. Blisters raised all over, and when it all got scalded all comfortable I wriggled around and put out the fire. Then I tried it on the left foot, and it worked just as well. There wuz enough matches left to start a fire on the island when I drifted in there toward 12 o'clock."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

HILL AND NETHERSOLE.

The Statesman Said to Be Engaged to the Great Kissing Actress.

If Dame Ramor is correct in her deductions, David B. Hill has really made up his mind to give society something to talk about. In other words, I have it on good authority that the dark eyed statesman from the Empire State is engaged to marry Miss Olga Nethersole,



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

who, you know, is the tall and good looking English woman who is at present earning fame and a fair number of dollars in a dramatic tour of this country.

Miss Nethersole is a very clever actress, and I understand that the senator has been paying her more or less devoted attentions ever since their first meeting, which was a year ago in New York. The wedding is said to be fixed for June and will be solemnized at the bride's home in one of the aristocratic suburbs of London.

I give you this news for what it is worth, but it was given to me by a man who both from a social and official point of view is in a position to know what the senator's plans are, for both the present and the future.—Washington Town Talk.

NO WOMEN SINGERS.

Barred Out of Catholic Churches by a Recent Vatican Order.

Women are no longer to be permitted to take any official part either as soloists or as ordinary choristers in the musical portion of the services of the Catholic church, an exception, however, being made in favor of the chapels of convents. A pastoral letter to this effect has just been addressed by Cardinal Richard, archbishop of Paris and metropolitan and primate of France, to the bishops and clergy subject to his ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and he bases his directions in connection with the matter upon explicit commands lately received from the congregation of rites at Rome.

This congregation is a committee of cardinals specially appointed by the pope for the interpretation of canon law on the subject of the conduct of the various ceremonies and functions of divine worship. Being furnished with plenary powers, its decisions have to be taken as though given by the holy father himself.

It is to the scandal created by the action of certain French clergy in intrusting the solos of the most solemn portion of the high mass to an operatic singer who is just at the present time arousing a considerable amount of unpleasant comment, even in the public press, by reason of her moral shortcomings, that the promulgation of Cardinal Richard's pastoral is attributed. He appears to have consulted the pontiff in person on the subject before issuing it.

Contrary to popular belief, even among the clergy, this decree, which bids fair to revolutionize the methods of public worship that have been in use in the Catholic church in every part of the world, except Rome, for ages past, is not a new law, but merely the revival of a very old one, which either intentionally or unknowingly had become altogether a dead letter. Few of the American visitors to Rome who have listened to the thrilling notes of the male sopranos of the so-called Sistine chapel choir at the Vatican have known that their enrollment by those prelates in charge of the musical portion of the services at St. Peter's is due to the existence of a law observed only in Rome, forbidding the use of women as choristers and soloists.—New York Journal.

A National Hymn.

Our faith and hope! Our joy and pride!
America, we hail thee!
With thee shall Liberty abide;
Thy sons shall never fail thee;
From north to south, from east to west,
One law, one flag, one nation;
The love that fills each patriot breast
Shall be thy firm foundation.

CHORUS.

Home of the free,
Let land and sea
Sing thy inspiring story,
While, brave and bright,
Thy flag of light
Floats in the van of glory.

The stars that from thy banner shine
Enkindle Freedom's beacon,
To all the world a sacred sign,
A flame that cannot weaken;
A flame that o'er Atlantic burns,
That glides the orient ocean,
Wherever man for Freedom yearns,
His symbol of devotion.

Republic that no hate divides,
United in affection,
A hemisphere in thee confides
And claims thy strong protection.
Not for the rulers ye have made,
Stand, freemen, calm and steady;
The bugle blast, the tap of drum,
Shall find Columbia ready.

For tyrannies and kingships all
The passing bell is tolling,
O nations, hear Columbia's call!
For ye the world is rolling,
Not for the rulers ye have made,
The puppets of your power,
Rise, freemen, strong and unafraid;
The planet is your dower.

Sublime republic, unto thee
Is given a holy mission,
To lead the legions of the free
To better man's condition.
In this thy glory we rejoice;
Thy sons shall never fail thee.
Beloved land, with heart and voice,
America, we hail thee!
—Grossvenor Wilson in New York Sun.

I WILL NEVER UNSHEATH MY SWORD AGAINST THE SOUTH

According to Commodore J. E. Montgomery, who was the greatest naval commander that the South produced during the late war, Gen. Sherman declared at the breaking out of the rebellion that he would never unsheath his sword against the South. Commodore Montgomery, who now lives in Chicago, thus recalls the incident, Sherman being a colonel at the time:

"When Fort Sumter was fired on Col. Sherman was president of the Pineville Military Academy, up Red river and across the stream from Alexandria. The students were almost all Southern young men. The school was at once broken up, most of the boys going home to be with their families while their fathers took up arms. Sherman came down Red river to New Orleans to take a boat for his home in St. Louis.

"The next afternoon Sherman was escorted to the boat from his hotel by a large party of his Pineville cadets and a great number of the prominent citizens of New Orleans. These, together with those who had come down to the wharf in carriages and on foot to bid friends good-by, made a magnificent concourse of people at the boat's side. After Sherman had boarded the steamer a delegation was sent to him from the crowd asking for a speech. The future great Union general consented. There was great applause as he stepped out on the upper deck and advanced toward the side next the shore. The carriages drew up in line and the ladies leaned out to listen. Sherman made a speech that took all by storm. He told of his great love for the people of the South and of the great kindnesses which had been shown him since he came among them. Concluding his beautiful peroration he said: 'I will never unsheath my sword against the South.'

"The first time I had a chance after Sherman went into the war with sword and spur, I asked him about his speech at New Orleans and his promise to the people of the South. He replied that he meant what he said at the time, but that when he arrived at Cairo he found he had been badly mistaken in his idea of the magnitude of the uprising and felt it his duty to join the Northern forces."

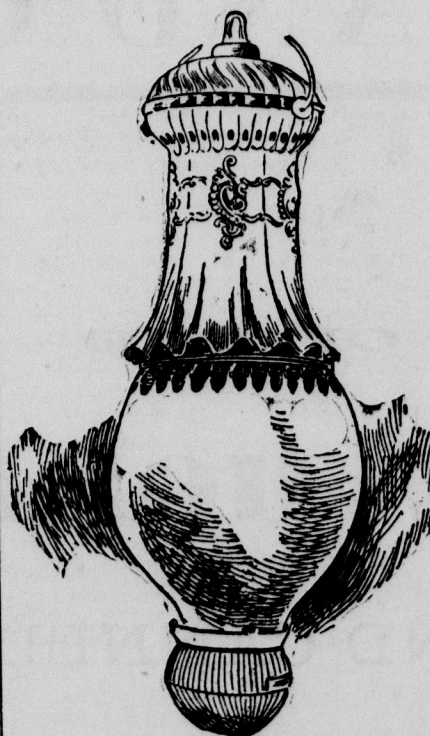
A HANDSOME ARC LAMP.

Which Is Ornamental Enough to Be Hung in a Parlor.

The term "arc lamp" has always seemed to carry with it an idea of ugliness—a device having no form or shape and strung out over 45 to 50 inches of space, divided up into sections of chimneys, rods, globes and sheet-iron drums—for reasons known only to the manufacturer. The trade has always looked upon an arc lamp as a necessary evil. The demand for something better is universal.

The "A-B" arc lamp is only 32 inches in length over all and burns from 14 to 18 hours. It is a single carbon lamp with only one side rod, which causes only one shadow to be thrown. This shadow may be taken care of against the pole or building, leaving the light intended for the street entirely unobstructed.

The "A-B" lamp furnished in any finish desired—black japan, yellow brass, XVIII century brass, oxidized brass, oxidized copper, oxidized silver and aluminum. This provides an arc lamp good enough to hang in a parlor—it being possible to match any style of gas fixture or decoration. The aluminum lamp complete weighs only nineteen pounds. The casing being of cast



NEW ARC LAMP.

iron provides a solid background for ornamentation, giving the lamp a dignified, substantial appearance, quite different from the brass and sheet iron spun work usually adopted where ornamentation on arc lamps has been attempted heretofore.

How Insects Multiply.

The power of reproduction in insects is one of the most wonderful parts of their economy. On beholding a slug a new head, with all its complex appendages, will grow again; so will the claws of a lobster. The end of a worm split produces two perfect heads, and if cut into three pieces the middle produces a perfect head and tail.

Watermarks were originally used on bank notes as a means of preventing counterfeits.

ENGINEERS OF THE FUTURE

Electric Locomotives Will Enable Them to Dress Like Dudes.

The Baldwin-Westinghouse electric locomotive, just completed, is the first one of the kind in the world, and, besides the fact that it is expected to make 75 miles an hour, it has other claims to attention.

Not the least of these is the revolution that it will doubtless create in the lives of locomotive engineers, and they belong to one of the most important classes of citizens in this country.

Shielded behind the glass windows that frame them in, with no smoke, soot, grime or grease, there is no reason why the engineers of the future should not dress exactly as the president of the road does, unless a uniform be deemed desirable.

In that case it may be gold laced and as handsome as that of a captain on an ocean liner.

The new locomotive is 38 feet long by 9 feet wide. It is mounted on 8 wheels, 42 inches in diameter. The wheels are of wrought iron, spoke centered, with heavy steel tires. The machine, without the motor, weighs 30 tons. The electric equipment will add 20 tons.

A compartment 8 feet square is all that will be required to operate the mechanism, and the remaining space may be utilized in any way that is desired.

The electric equipment consists of four 250 horsepower motors, geared so as to regulate the speed. In appearance these motors are like those used on trolley cars, but they are much larger. One man will run them. He will be called the driver. He will view the track from a window directly in front and above a powerful searchlight. Airbrakes will be operated just as on the steam engines. There will be an electric air pump, and it is claimed that it will be possible to stop a train in perhaps half the space of time that is now required.

In about two weeks the new machine will be tested on the Turtle Creek branch of the Pennsylvania railroad. The power will be taken from an overhead trolley or from the wheelless underground system. The new locomotive costs \$10,000.—New York World.

Emerson and the Guides.

The poet Emerson was never credited with being a handsome man, though people who knew him saw in his face his beautiful character and forgot to discriminate between him and his appearance. Years ago, when the "philosophers" were in camp at Follensbee pond, in the Adirondacks, Emerson was one of the party, and his devotion to his studies and "worthless writin'" seemed to several of the guides a great waste of time, which might better have been spent in hunting and fishing.

There was, however, a guide, Steven Martin, who became perhaps the most noted of the Adirondacks ever pronounced, and who recognized in Emerson something of his real worth and upon whom the poet made a great impression. "Steve," as he was familiarly called, was an observing man, and the poet's physical defects, then undoubtedly more prominent than in later years, did not escape his eye, as may be seen from the answer he gave to the question of the writer of this paragraph, "What kind of a fellow was Emerson?" "Waal, sir," said the old guide, "he was a gentleman every inch, as nice a fellow as you ever see; pleasant and kind, and a scholar, too, allus fingerin, studyin and writin'; but, sir, he was, I believe, the all freest homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these woods."—Troy Times.

A Tame Butterfly.

We have heard of tame fleas and performing midges, but the following authentic story of a tame butterfly, told by a French lady, has novel elements in it:

I found in my garden a magnificent butterfly, quite numb with cold. Taking it into the house and putting it in a box for two hours revived the little thing. Then I dipped its antennae in a solution of sirup and sugar, and continued this treatment for three days. On the fourth day the creature fluttered on to my hand and sucked the liquor of its own accord, and after this it became perfectly tame. I put flowers into my room, and it fed on them, and was perfectly happy. When it sat on the table, I could pass my finger down its back without the slightest fear the butterfly might take to wing. In fact, it arched its back as does a cat when it is pleased. After three weeks of perfect tameness its colors faded, its wings shriveled up, and it died.

What next, one wonders? A butterfly arching its back when stroked by a human hand is surely a phenomenon that seems to give promise of all kinds of possibilities. Scientists and variety artists take note.—Westminster Gazette.

A POOR BOY CAMPAIGN.

Whoever Is Nominated the Real American Aristocracy Will Be Represented.

Whoever is nominated as the Republican candidate for the presidency we shall have "a poor boy" campaign. Governor Morton is the son of a Presbyterian parson and was earning his own living when he was 15 years old. Senator Quay is also the son of a Presbyterian parson down in the mining regions of Pennsylvania and worked his own way through college. Senator Culom was raised on a Kentucky farm.

Senator Allison's parents were also farmers, pioneers on the western reserve, and he earned what education he got. Speaker Reed's family were well to do, but he also worked for a living when a mere boy, and the same can be said of Major McKinley. Therefore the genuine American aristocracy is represented by all the candidates.—William E. Curtis in Chicago Record.

A man writes to this office referring to an "intelligent man." There are no intelligent men.

LABRADOR THE NEXT

EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO LEAVE PHILADELPHIA IN JUNE.

To Study the Eskimo and Collect Flora and Fauna—College Students in the Party. Lieutenant Peary's Old Ship, the Kite, to Take the Party—To Return in a Year.

An expedition bound for the interior of Labrador will leave Philadelphia in June for the purpose of studying the Eskimo and collecting specimens of the flora and fauna of that region. G. H. Perkins of the class of '95, University of Pennsylvania, will be the commander, and the remainder of the party will consist of four students of zoology, geology, botany and archaeology and a number of college students and others.

Professor Frank Russell, curator of the University of Iowa, accompanies the expedition as archaeologist.

The trip from St. John's, N. E., to Labrador will be made in the ship Kite. At St. John's the Philadelphia party will be joined by ten scientists sent out to explore the coast of Ellesmere Land, and also to discover traces of the ancestors of the Greenlanders, who, it is thought, came from that place. Professor Hite of the University of Pennsylvania, who is the originator of the expedition, said: "The party will leave Philadelphia about the middle of June. The ten scientists who will join our party at St. John's will be sent out by Dr. C. T. Mendenhall, superintendent of the United States coast geological survey; General A. W. Greeley, Baron von Saumajestsch, J. A. W. Grip, envoy extraordinary from Germany to Norway and Sweden; J. W. Powell, director United States geological survey, and Baron Adolf Eric Nordenskjold of the Royal Academy of Science, Sweden.

"These persons have supplied the wherewithal for the researches of the scientists for a period of one year. The Kite, after leaving St. John's, will cruise around the gulf of St. Lawrence, making collections at the south coast of Labrador, visiting the island of Anticosti for Eskimo remains, and will then go north along the eastern coast of Labrador as far as Cape Chidley. Parties will be left at various points along the coast, supplied with tools and equipments necessary for their researches. At Clarence head, in James sound, Ellesmere land, it is proposed to leave the ten scientists, who will erect winter quarters and a general supply station there. They will make explorations until the six months of darkness come on, when they will return to Clarence head, starting out again in the spring. It is expected to explore at least 300 miles of Ellesmere Land, which in all probability is the original home of the ancestors of the present Greenland Eskimo, who must have crossed to Greenland over 1,000 years ago. Of these people the scientists are desirous of finding traces.

"The Kite will return to Labrador, picking up the various parties, and then keep on to St. John's, arriving about Sept. 12. She will return in 1897, carrying the same number of people and for the same purpose and will bring home the party of scientists from Ellesmere Land.

Professor Hite said that the university cruise to India in September would prevent his accompanying the expedition to Labrador.—Philadelphia Press.

"OUR MR. ELIJAH A. MORSE."

Members of Congress Have Fun With That Gentleman.

Several members of the house were having a good deal of quiet fun yesterday afternoon at the expense of Mr. Morse. They had in some way obtained possession of a circular advertising letter sent out by the stove polish firm of which he is the founder and head.

The communication is on a sheet surmounted by the letter head of the company, with a picture of the establishment where the polish is manufactured. The contents of the letter paper are of the most legitimate advertising character and set forth in detail the superiority and paramount merits of the polish. At the bottom is a four line postscript stating that "our Mr. Elijah A. Morse" is a member of congress and should the recipient of the letter desire any documents or information from the national capital he would be glad to serve him.—Washington Times.

The Best Thing College Does For a Man.

Whatever may be in store for the American college as the predecessor of the American university, it can never cease to be an agency for the training of a man in the great business of living. It enriches his life; it deepens and broadens his view of truth; it ennobles his aims; it strengthens his choice of the right; it clarifies his vision of, and his love of, the beautiful. The college pours oil into the lamp of character and makes its light more radiant and more lasting. When these functions are lost, if they ever be lost, they must be assumed by some other power. For, so long as the race continues, so long are its members to be trained to think, to judge, to reason, to act with independence and with justice, to work laboriously, and to be large and true and noble men. These qualities represent the best thing which a college can do for its students.—Forum.

The Seed of Hemp.

Chief Justice Catlin (1871), from whom the Spencers, Russells and many of the greatest English families are descended, when sentencing a prisoner convicted as a go between in the correspondence between Mary of Scotland and the bishop of Ross, thus addressed him: "The good seedsman hath sowed in you good gifts, but as it is said in the gospel, then came the enemy and he sowed darnel, cockle and noisome weeds. Such wicked seedsman have been in England. If they had sown the right seed for their own use, the seed of hemp, and felt of it, then had they received according to their deserving, hemp, meet seed for such seedsman."

A LITERARY QUEEN.

Carmen Sylva, of Roumania, May Rightly Claim the Name.

Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, whom everybody knows as "Carmen Sylva," has more right than any other royal personage to the name of "a literary queen." But, besides her merits as an authoress and her achievements in the world of letters, she is a very remarkable woman, who has earned the gratitude of her sex in all parts of the civilized globe for her efforts to better the condition of womanhood in her adopted country. The almost sacrificing endeavors she made to consummate the "love match" between Mlle. Helene Vacaresco, her maid of honor, and Ferdinand, crown prince of Roumania, have added in no little degree to the fame of the royal poetess. Although the marriage ceremony was never performed, the interest of the Queen in the love affair caused a storm that nearly resulted in the sweeping of King Charles from the throne. Queen Elizabeth was born in Neuwid, Germany, in 1843. She was the daughter of the late Prince Hermann of Wied. Even when she was 10 years old she showed her talent for versemaking, which flourished in the literary and artistic atmosphere of her father's home. As she grew older she showed remarkable intelligence in all branches of study, and became particularly proficient in the languages, both ancient and modern. She was married to Prince Charles, now King of Roumania, in 1880, and the love of her subjects was won from



ROUMANIA'S "LITERARY QUEEN."

the day she entered her adopted land. She bettered their condition, paying special attention to the women of the country, by creating industrial schools, forming benevolent societies, establishing an order of Sisters of Charity, and cultivating native art and the development of handicraft. During the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8 Queen Elizabeth proved her gentleness of nature and sympathetic heart by meeting the trains bearing the wounded Roumanian soldiers after the battle of Plevna, and nursing them as tenderly as any Sister of the Red Cross would have done. In appearance Carmen Sylva is striking. She has a classical mouth, deep set eyes of blue, and her fine, wavy hair is prematurely white. When it was officially declared by the state that Mlle. Vacaresco and Prince Ferdinand should not wed the Queen spent some time in seclusion in Neuwid, her brother's residence. At present she is holding court on Mount Sinai, a district which the royal authoress has beautifully described in "Tales of the Pelesh." The Queen's first ambitious literary work was "Les Pensées d'une Reine" ("Thoughts of a Queen"). Next came "Struze," a volume of poems, which was followed by "Pelesh Legends."

The Making of Tacks.

"Where do the pins go to?" is a common saying, but when one takes a few notes of the tack industry, the question "Where do all the tacks go to?" seems to be the next thing in order.

The first tacks were made by hand. The operator used a vise and dies. A bit of metal was held by a clamp, and the head was made by striking a blow with a hammer. Later on machinery began to be used, and now metal is fed into an enormous apparatus that will cut out nearly 300 tacks a minute. The processes are extremely interesting and a tack factory has many visitors. The machinery is automatic; narrow strips of metal are fed in and clipped off; the heads are made by pressure, and it literally rains tacks into large boxes placed underneath to receive them. They are then poured into a rattler, which is a rapidly revolving cylinder, through which a jet of air is forced under high pressure. This removes all of the dust and loose particles. Black lead is sometimes put in to give them a polish, and then they pass on to the sifter, which sorts them and takes out the imperfect tacks, leaving the good ones to be passed on and dropped into a box, from which they are taken to be packed by quick-fingered girls. A good workwoman can pack 1,600 pounds of tacks in a day. When one realizes that many of these machines are going, and that the tacks at this rate are being sent out to market, the wonder grows—where all the tacks go to.—New York Ledger.

A Vacuum Wanted.

It may be worth while to note a statement by Sir James Crichton Brown which suggests a method of avoiding the difficulties experienced last winter. Speaking at a congress of plumbers, he pointed out that water pipes would never burst if protected by a vacuum. Why, then, he asked, could not plumbers invent a vacuum pipe? A space even an eighth of an inch of a high vacuum would be sufficient. Inclose the pipe to be protected in an outer tube, exhaust the air from the intervening space, and hermetically seal the inclosing tube at the ends; then no changes of temperature could affect the protected pipe.

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Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

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Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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